

*La Belle Assemblée :*  
OR, THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
*SIX DAYS.*

BEING A  
Curious Collection  
OF  
Remarkable Incidents which happen'd  
to some of the First Quality in *France.*

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*Written in French for the Entertainment  
of the KING, and dedicated to him  
By Madam DE GOMEZ.*

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*Translated into English.*

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Compleat, in Three PARTS.

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ADVENTURES  
OF  
CARRIERS & COLLECTION



BY ALFRED R. GOMES

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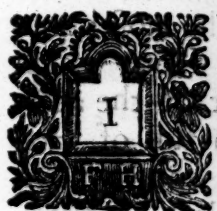
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( I )



*La Belle Assemblée :*  
OR, THE  
ADVENTURES  
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*SIX DAYS.*



IN that delightful Season of the Year, when Nature throws forth all her Hoard of Charms, and puts to shame the weak Efforts of Art; six Persons united by their Understandings and Inclinations, and possessing every thing requisite to set them above the Vulgar World, tire'd with the Tumult of a noisy Town, made a Party to go and shut themselves up for some time in a Country House. The innocent Delicacies of a rural Scene seem'd indeed most proper for the Purity of their Pleasures, and

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pro-

promised an additional Inspiration to the Productions of their Wit. The same Desire reigning throughout this Amiable Society, no difficulty retarded the Effect; the Design was *executed* almost as soon as *form'd*.

THE Company was composed of two Men and four Ladies: but, good God! how impossible is it to do justice to their Characters! *Thelamont* and his admir'd *Urania*, *Orophanes* and his charming *Felicia*, could be equal'd only by each other: And indeed the Parity of their Dispositions, and Sympathy of Soul seem'd to prognosticate that Heaven had ordain'd these two incomparable Pairs to be united by Bands sacred and indissoluble. The Expectations of a Happiness to which they all aspired, was not attended with any of those tumultuous Impatiences which we behold in ordinary Passions, and which deform the Deity of tender Wishes, and render his Influence contemptible. They lov'd, 'tis true, but without Extravagance: Modesty and Virtue governing their Minds, govern'd also their Actions. *Thelamont*, with the most humble Respect, waited the blissful Hour which was to join his Destiny with that of the adorable *Urania*: and *Orophanes*, too full of Honour to seek any other Method, endeavour'd to employ the time due to compleat his Marriage with *Felicia*, in every thing which a pure and noble Passion could inspire to please her.

THE Objects of such sublime Affections ought not to lose their Merit, and 'tis praise enough to say, that they gave birth to Loves, which are the Wonder of the present Age,  
and

and may serve as Examples to succeeding ones.

*THELAMONT*, to a Mind prudent and delicate, had a Greatness of Soul and a superior Loftiness of Thought, which gave an inimitable Elegance to all his Words and Actions. *Orophanes* had Wit and Learning; and tho' it differ'd from that of *Thelamont*, yet as their Principles were the same, the Diversity of their Sentiments only occasion'd little Disputes, which serv'd to make conspicuous their several Excellencies, and gave a new Life to Conversation. *Urania* and *Felicia* had all the reason in the world to expect Happiness with Men who had such exalted Spirits, temper'd with the sweetest and most affable Dispositions; nor was their Discernment in the Choice they made of female Friends, less to be admir'd than in those design'd for Husbands: *Camilla* and *Florinda*, who from the Number of their Acquaintance were selected to be of this Party, yielded in Merit to nobody but *Urania* and *Felicia*.

THESE six Persons, such as I have attempted to speak them, set out together on their little Journey, and in a short time arriv'd at the Retirement, design'd to afford a perfect Tranquillity: The House belong'd to *Urania*, who thinking true Happiness consisted in having what was most Useful adorn'd with native Simplicity, had not beautify'd her Country-Seat with any Subtilties of *Art*, but only as it were assisting *Nature* had made it the most delicious Retreat that ever was. A great and famous River form'd the Canal of her Garden, beyond which lay a rich

Champaign Country, water'd by several little Streams. A Wood shady, thick, and kept in good order, fill'd with Walks cool and solitary, shelter'd one part of this agreeable Mansion, both from the rough Assaults of wintry *Boreas*, or Summer's scorching Heats. Thro' those high-arch'd Meanders and refreshing Groves, you might for ever wander unprejudiced, uninterrupted, either by Sun, or Wind, or Rain: Here, safe from Injuries, of almost every kind, you might move stately on, or lie reclined, indulging Contemplation, while all beside was Hurry and Confusion. A Parterre, graced with the sweetest and most beautiful Flowers, charm'd the Beginning and the End of Day. An Orchard and Kitchen-Garden, furnish'd with all that might delight the Taste, compos'd part of the *Useful*; and a Court-Yard, stor'd with those things most requisite for Life, compleated it. The Prospect on every side different, and always happily bounded, presented to the greedy Eye a vast Variety of untasted Pleasures, which were for ever growing, for ever new. The House of itself was neither wildly great, nor diminutively small; but commodious beyond expression: It offer'd not to View a piece of pompous Architecture, nor was it furnish'd with more Sumptuousness than it was built; the Magnificence consisting only in the Neatness, Pleasure, and Convenience of it. A noble Hall open'd to four Apartments, each of which being double, made eight; the Doors being so contriv'd, that they might be separate or together, afforded vacant Rooms for any whose Visits should be approved by this

Illustrious



Illustrious Company. In fine, if there was nothing *superfluous* in this beautiful Recess, the most difficultly pleas'd must acknowledge there was nothing *wanting*.

URANIA paid the Civilities of her House in such a manner, as convinc'd her Friends of the pleasure she took in receiving them: And tho' *Thelamont* had been there several times before, yet the pleasure of seeing it free, and without constraint, made him with more attention remark the Beautys; and as nothing was capable of affording him so much satisfaction as that which might be an Improvement of the Mind, he took notice with an infinity of joy that what *Urania* had taken the greatest care in setting out, was a handsome large Closet, fill'd from the bottom to the top with Shelves, richly lined and supported, and yet more graced with Books, the scarcest, most necessary, and best chosen: He express'd his Contentment by a Look lively and penetrating, which meeting with a Return from *Urania*, fill'd her whole Soul with that undescribable Rapture which we feel in an opportunity of pleasing what we love. You see (*said she, with a becoming Smile*) the advantage which accrues from the having illustrious Friends! The Desire we have of making ourselves worthy of them, inspires us with a generous Emulation, which leads us to praiseworthy Actions.—I should have thought my House entirely unfurnish'd, if I had not fill'd part of it with what might agreeably employ the Persons I esteem. You honour your own Choice in what you say, *reply'd Felicia*; but notwithstanding that it's the Excess of  
your



your Good-Breeding which has made you address so obliging a Discourse to the Company in general, yet I dare venture to assure you in the name of us all, that we without pain will yield the honour of it to him who is the real Inspirer of it. We have too great a value for his Wit, and the other shining Ornaments of his Character (*continued she, looking on Thelamont*) to be ignorant that the Sentiments and Condition of his Heart merit all the Attention of yours. I did not expect (*answer'd Thelamont bowing*) to have received a Compliment for that which is only due to the Excellence of *Urania's* Genius: the Esteem I have for it, made me express the pleasure I take in seeing it always tend to that which is *Solid*: And as Reading is, according to my opinion, a necessary Nourishment to the Soul, I could not help looking on this Closet as the most beautiful and useful part of the House, and the most worthy of her who inhabits it. However that be (*said Urania*) 'twill help us to pass away the time we have agreed to tarry here——When our Conversation begins to languish, hither we'll repair for assistance. I am persuaded (*cry'd Orophanes*) that it will be a long time before our Curiosity will be gratify'd with what this Repository of Wit and Learning contains, if we stay till we cease giving attention to what you say——Therefore my advice is, that we lay ourselves under a Law to come and spend two hours here every day, and that all in a mutual silence take up what Book shall please us best, and then communicating the Subjects we have been reading, make either a Dissertation or

a Criticism—to dedicate this place to the Actions great, or gallant, which these Books or our Memories shall furnish us with. I approve of the Design (*said Camilla, with an amiable Sprightliness*) all but what relates to the Silence——As I shall be the first to break it, I shall be glad to prevent a Law being made, which I am well assur'd is not in my power to observe: When I am in a rapture with some beautiful Passage, I must immediately speak—I must repeat it aloud—and point out the Beauties of it with an Earnestness (with which I am sometimes reproach'd;) if I were to be debarr'd of this so great a pleasure, I should grow stupid.

THE Company laugh'd heartily at this little Sally of *Camilla's* Wit, and to satisfy her, as well as not to deprive themselves of the pleasure of hearing her speak, forbore the Institution of the Law they had intended to impose on themselves. After which, they agreed to divide the Day into three parts: The Morning was appointed for the Ladies to pass as they thought proper; from Dinner they were to repair to the Learned Closet, as being too warm for walking; and the rest of the Day till Supper was to be employ'd either in telling some Story, or making their several Remarks on such new Pieces as were publish'd either in Verse or Prose. Supper ended, they were to refresh their Minds with an entire Liberty of following their own Inclinations. *Urania* approv'd of this Regulation, only desired her Friends would agree not to oblige those, who might happen to visit her, to be subject to their Laws; all the World,

*added*

*added she*, not being of a humour to spend their time as we do.

THIS being complied with, they left the Closet, to view those Parts of the House which yet they had not seen; which, notwithstanding its Smallness, for a Woman of *Urania's* Estate and Birth, was so well managed, so compact and regular, that one could not be tired with admiring it. *Camilla* and *Florinda* being unwilling to separate, desired they might be lodg'd in one Apartment; *The-lamont* and *Orophanes* did the same; and *Urania* never parting from her dear *Felicia*, would needs have her take share of hers: So that by this means there still remain'd more Rooms than *Urania* could possibly expect Company to fill.

THESE little Employments having taken them up till Dinner-time, they sat down to Table, which was serv'd according to the System *Urania* had form'd for her Oeconomy; that is to say, without Profusion, but with a Neatness and Delicacy preferable to Magnificence. This, the necessary, but least pleasing Requisite of Life, over; they resolv'd to begin what they had design'd, by retiring into the Closet: and each of them having taken a Book most suitable to their Taste, or the Situation of their Mind, a Silence unjoin'd reign'd for some time in this agreeable Society: But *Camilla*, not able to restrain the Fire of her Temper, was the first that broke it, by crying out, Here's a Passage in the History of *Cyrus* that charms me above all things I have ever read. I place that great Prince above *Alexander*, who, notwithstanding

standing his excellent Qualities, has always given way to his Passions without regard to his Glory, or the Immortality that he aspir'd to; but *Xenophon* paints *Cyrus* such as all great Men ought to be: This Hero, always a Warrior, always a Conqueror, has never ceas'd being wise, his Conquests have not authoriz'd his Weaknesses: Absolute Master of innumerable Nations, he has not thought himself permitted to do a cruel or an unjust thing, more than the meanest of his Subjects. This Prince, whose Virtue equal'd his Valour, after having subdued the most warlike Nations, having done enough to assure his Glory, is inform'd that the most beautiful Princess in the world, the virtuous *Panthea*, is his Prisoner; he refuses to see her, orders her to be serv'd with all the Honours due to her Rank and Merit, without once venturing to expose his Heart to her Looks, for fear of being conquer'd by a Passion which might influence him to something unworthy of that Character he had ran thro' so many dangers to obtain. I'm convinc'd that if *Panthea* had borne the same Reputation as *Thalestris* or *Cleopatra* did; this great Prince would not have dreaded an Interview; his Virtue would have been a sufficient guard against the Power of Beauty alone: but the Prudence of *Panthea* being more to be fear'd by him than her exterior Charms, he ought to imagine as he did, that the knowledge of that would be the Loadstone to attract his Soul; it being almost unavoidable, but that the most Virtuous of *Men* should be charm'd with the most Virtuous of *Women*.



THE Remark of *Camilla* is very just, said *Thelamont* ; and I believe to know Men well, one ought rather to judge of 'em by the Inadvertencies they avoid falling into, than by the great Actions they have done—— Love, Hatred, Avarice, or Ambition, may sometimes hurry us on to wonderful Undertakings for the accomplishment of our Desires ; yet are those Persons, thus inspir'd, more ignoble in their Sentiments, than the poor Cottage Hind, that has no farther prospect than his Sheep-hook.—The most cruel Tyrants have not been without some Virtues, but when from what would incline us to be vicious we extract an exalted Wisdom, 'tis then, with justice, we acquire the Name of *Great*. The Monarch you have been speaking of, would have been far less blameable in loving *Panthea*, than *Alexander* was in giving way to the Violence of his Temper, when in his Wine he murder'd *Clytus*. But I think we need not trace History for an Example of this Grandeur of the Mind.—A Prince of our own Time may be said to excel, in Moderation, all who have gone before him, and eclipses the Memory either of *Cyrus* or *Alexander*, by one single Action.—This Prince having feasted his whole Court, and drank enough to make him do something beneath the Royal Dignity, in the Morning remembering it, was so angry with himself, that assembling the same Persons, he made an Oath in their presence, never more to taste a Liquor which might, tho' but for a moment, place him in the same rank with common Men. This (*added Thelamont*) is alone to be



( II )

be term'd real Virtue, to know our Failings, and to mend them, when we have the power to persist in 'em with impunity ; this is to be truly Wise, and we may hope for every thing from a Prince, who thinks and acts in this manner.

'TIS true, (*reply'd Florinda*) but I won't allow that Love, when justly place'd, is a Defect in a Great Man ; it don't seem to me, that to be a Hero, and at the same time conscious of that tender Passion, are incompatible. No, doubtless, (*said Felicia*) but then to make these two Titles of *Hero* and *Lover* agree, the Person must love in the manner *Urania* directs—If she will oblige us so far as to read the Copy of that Letter she writ to *Belisa* on that Subject, you will be convinc'd that *Love* may be a Companion for the most exalted *Virtue*. Indeed, (*answer'd that Lady*) you are going to expose me to a severe Criticism ; and I have good reason to fear, that what your Friendship alledges in my favour, will rather turn to my confusion than the contrary. I have heard much talk of that Letter, (*said Camilla*) and according to all appearances it is well worthy our attention. For my part, (*added Orophanes*) I was present at the Conversation which occasion'd it, and shall hear it read with a vast deal of satisfaction. I am intirely ignorant of it, (*said Thelamont*) and am very much touch'd at the Unconcern of *Urania*, which has hitherto prevented her from letting me know her Thoughts on a Passion which she so well knows how to inspire. You were absent, (*reply'd she, smiling*) and I had

so many things to say to you at your return, that I could not find in my heart to interrupt them for a matter of so little consequence. You have obligingly excus'd yourself, (*said Florinda*) but you shall submit to the Law; and since the Sun gives us leave to enjoy the pleasure of your Gardens, my opinion is, that we go to the Banks of that beautiful River, the prospect of which is so enchanting to my Eyes, that its refreshing Coolness, join'd to *Urania's* Discourse, may make our Pleasure compleat.

ALL the Company approv'd of *Florinda's* Advice; they repair'd to the Water-side, where *Urania* having caus'd Seats to be brought, every body plac'd themselves, and by the silence they kept, show'd the desire they had to hear her, when she began thus: Before I read the Letter (*said she*) which we have been talking about, I ought to let you know that *Felicia* and myself were invited to spend a Fortnight at *Belisa's*: As she is a Person extremely worthy our Esteem, the Party was very agreeable to us. We went, but at our arrival were inform'd, an Affair of the highest importance had call'd her suddenly into the Country, but that she had desired we would not deprive *Julia*, her Niece, of our Company, since she had left her on purpose to receive us. *Julia* is one of the most engaging young Ladies on earth, and has a very fine Understanding; so that we made no difficulty of complying with *Belisa's* request, having friendship enough for *Julia*, to have taken that Journey on her account only. She fail'd not to welcome us with all her Charms;

Charms; and as she is not only generally admir'd, but has also an excellent Taste in her Conversation, we found good Company of both Sexes with her: The next day it was increas'd by the coming of *Damon* and *Orophanes*: (I believe you know *Damon*, and that his Character has not escap'd you.) No, doubtless (*answer'd Camilla*) he is one of those who deceive us: He talks as if he had Wit, and really has it on some particular Subjects; but when we enter into him, we immediately find we have been in an error, and that it is to his opinion being always contrary to that of other People, and to the violent manner in which he enforces his Arguments, that he owes the Attention which is sometimes given him. This *Damon*, (*resumed Urania*) as you describe him, was the occasion of a very warm Debate among us; of which some of the Company having inform'd *Belisa*, she sent me word that to make her some amends for her not being able to partake in our Amusements, I must write her word for word the dispute I had with *Damon*: On the other hand, being sollicitated by *Orophanes* and *Felicia*, who were afraid, as they said, of forgetting the greatest part of what I had urg'd, I found myself obliged to make a sort of a Work of a Discourse that I had thought little worthy of their remembrance. This is it (*added she*) and I wish the Tedioufness of it may not make you repent of your Curiosity.

Letter

*Letter by way of Dissertation on Love.**To Belisa.*

' **YOU** will oblige me, engaging *Belisa*, to  
 ' put down in writing what I said the  
 ' other day at your House in the behalf of  
 ' Love: Your extraordinary Virtue gives  
 ' great weight to the Argument I have pre-  
 ' sumed to maintain, since I am sure you'll  
 ' own you should have lov'd with greater  
 ' Tenderneſs than any one, cou'd you have  
 ' found an Object worthy of an Affection ſuch  
 ' as yours would have been; this is enough  
 ' for me to gain the Victory over my Adver-  
 ' ſary. I maintain then, with more Autho-  
 ' rity than ever, that the Poets have deſcribed  
 ' Love as a God, on purpoſe to give us an  
 ' Idea of his Purity: I allow indeed, that it  
 ' betokens an abſolute Power, but I cannot  
 ' agree that the Dominion of that God is ca-  
 ' pable of perverting Virtue into Vice, ſince  
 ' I place the Merit of Love in the very con-  
 ' trary to ſuch a Metamorphoſis.—Accor-  
 ' ding to my Notions of that Paſſion, it is  
 ' more apt to refine our *Morals* than corrupt  
 ' them; this is what I ſhall demonſtrate to  
 ' you, in the Sequel of that Controverſy you  
 ' command me to relate. *Orophanes* having  
 ' began a Diſcourſe on the Corruption of the  
 ' Age, and the little care thoſe Perſons, whoſe  
 ' buſineſs it is, take to reform it; *Damon* as  
 ' much a Brute in his Inclinations as Under-  
 ' ſtanding, preſently accuſed Love as the ſole  
 ' Cauſe of the various Irregularities common  
 ' among



' among Mankind : That Passion, *said he*, de-  
 ' stroys Conversation, is the Bane of all So-  
 ' ciety, poisons the Soul, and quite debilitates  
 ' the nobler Faculties ; when once a Heart is  
 ' possess'd of it, one does nothing but with  
 ' design, one makes no scruple of violating all  
 ' the Tyes of Affinity and Nature, despises  
 ' all Laws both human and divine, and I com-  
 ' pare a Man in love to a Beast both stupid  
 ' and voracious. O horrid ! (*cry'd I, unable*  
 ' *to contain myself*) what a Monster do you  
 ' make of the tenderest and noblest of all the  
 ' Passions ! Are we to impute the Disorders  
 ' of a vicious Appetite to Love ? All Men  
 ' are born to be what they are ; we every  
 ' day see that the severest Education, and  
 ' most virtuous Examples, cannot reform a  
 ' Mind propense to Ill ; we perceive the little  
 ' progress it makes in Wisdom, from its ten-  
 ' derest Infancy ; and when it comes to be its  
 ' own master, by its Actions discovers what  
 ' only the Fear of Reproof had made it hide.  
 ' This is the ground of Vice, and if such a  
 ' Mind be inflame'd with Love, that Pas-  
 ' sion will indeed become the Monster which  
 ' *Damon* has just now described. It is not  
 ' therefore Love which leads to Vice, but the  
 ' Soul's first Tendency to Vice corrupts the  
 ' Guest it entertains. On the contrary, a  
 ' Person born with a natural Disposition to  
 ' Virtue, will improve his Education and Ex-  
 ' amples ; and when subdued by Love, it but  
 ' strengthens the Principles he before adhere'd  
 ' to—He seeks to please the darling Object  
 ' only by methods which Justice teaches him.  
 ' Love trusts him with his Torch only to en-  
 ' lighten



' lighten and make more conspicuous the No-  
 ' bleness of his Genius : Dissimulation, Self-  
 ' interest, and Envy, are unknown to him.—  
 ' A noble Love, (*continu'd I*) is so far from  
 ' destroying Society, that it renders Conver-  
 ' sation more agreeable, it sweetens the rough-  
 ' est Temper, enlightens the dullest Mind, and  
 ' finds ways to soften the most savage Soul :  
 ' without Love the World had still remain'd in  
 ' Chaos, 'twas Love alone rais'd it from thence,  
 ' and it is Love alone preserves it from return-  
 ' ing to it again.—How then can a Passion so  
 ' necessary to the Consistency of the whole U-  
 ' niverse be accused of the Disorders of the  
 ' Manners?—*Damon* without doubt con-  
 ' founds Lust with Love ; the first leads Men  
 ' into the most enormous Crimes, the other  
 ' frequently brings 'em out. How often have  
 ' we seen Men, whom Time, Opportunity,  
 ' and ill Company have drawn into the most  
 ' pernicious Pleasures, and who abandoning  
 ' themselves to the Fury they are possess'd  
 ' with, fly from Objects to Objects without  
 ' Choice or Reflection, on a sudden quit all  
 ' this for *Love*—Had they more Vices, all  
 ' would vanish at sight of that Charmer, which  
 ' Wisdom throws in their way, as a Bank  
 ' necessary to oppose the Impetuosity of their  
 ' Libertine Tempers.—They look back  
 ' on their past Conduct with shame, and the  
 ' noble Ambition of rendring themselves wor-  
 ' thy of what they love, gives them at the  
 ' same time that of burying in oblivion the  
 ' Debaucheries in which they have been  
 ' plung'd ; this is the Power of True *Love* :  
 ' all that is subservient to the Government of  
 ' the

' the Senses is not *Love*, but *Lust*——the Im-  
 ' mortal Being has done nothing for us but  
 ' thro' *Love*! Friendship, which unites Man-  
 ' kind, is *Love*; it changes its Name only by  
 ' the Difference of Sexes; but then, as I  
 ' have said before, it must not be the *Senses*  
 ' which direct *Love*, but *Love* the *Senses*.——  
 ' When I speak of Men, I mean Mankind in  
 ' general; so that the weak and timorous  
 ' Sex is comprehended in my Discourse, and  
 ' will add another Argument to those I have  
 ' already ventured to urge, by their being  
 ' obliged constantly to study the Laws of Vir-  
 ' tue. Let a young Virgin brought up in  
 ' Innocence, be ever so much charm'd with  
 ' the Merit of the Man, Heaven has design'd  
 ' her, you'll see her resist her Passion as stren-  
 ' uously as possible, but Fear and Bashfulness  
 ' are the only Motives of such a Combat——  
 ' She is ignorant of what Sin is, therefore  
 ' her Heart cannot revolt against that which  
 ' she knows nothing of; she withstands the  
 ' Progress of her Passion only thro' a Preju-  
 ' dice of Education, which is call'd *Modesty*——  
 ' but let her be once united to him in a law-  
 ' ful manner, her Passion throws off all Dis-  
 ' guise, she owns she loves, owns it without  
 ' blushing, avows her Flame, nay glories in the  
 ' Confession. Can such an Alteration happen  
 ' in Vice? does any one boast of a Crime  
 ' they have been guilty of? no sure: Yet this  
 ' Woman, bred up in the strictest Virtue,  
 ' can say, I love the Man who is become my  
 ' Husband. Therefore *Love* in itself is vir-  
 ' tuous; for if it were a Crime, 'twould be  
 ' so always, nor cou'd a Ceremony, only in-  
 ' stituted

'stituted to restrain Mankind, take off of its  
 'Deformity.—If our Intemperance dis-  
 'figures the native Innocence of the God,  
 'tis our fault, not his; the *Doctrine* corrupts  
 'not the *Disciple*, but the *Manners* of the  
 '*Disciple* often shames the *Doctrine*: *Heaven*  
 'is not to be blame'd for our *Sins*, neither is  
 'Love for our *Extravagancies*—it has made  
 'Heroes of those who before were *Tyrants*:  
 'and of all the Passions 'tis the only one  
 'which is compatible with Wisdom: the  
 'Heart is made to be engaged, but then it  
 'ought to be with the *Love* I have been de-  
 'scribing; that which *Damon* has been speak-  
 'ing of, being only the Irregularity of Na-  
 'ture, which by the assistance of Reason may  
 'be overcome. Thus, wife *Belisa*, I finish'd  
 'my Discourse, the length of which I was  
 'afraid had tir'd the Company; but *Orophane*,  
 'whose Morals render him well worthy  
 'the Esteem you have for him, flatter'd me  
 'agreeably, by assuring me in the name of  
 'the Company, that they were all, except  
 '*Damon*, of my opinion. Charming *Julia*,  
 'by a Prejudice of Education, did not dare  
 'to applaud me openly for having said so  
 'much in the Praise of Love; but one of her  
 'intelligible Looks, which she so well knows  
 'how to dart, convinc'd me of her Approba-  
 'tion. *Damon* alone continu'd in his Error,  
 'and let me know, that he look'd on me as  
 'a Person whose Commerce was dangerous:  
 'He went away with a Dissatisfaction which  
 'for some time diverted us; after which we  
 'made some farther Reflections on what I  
 'had been talking about, and then parted,

very

‘very much regretting your Absence. *Julia*  
 ‘undertook to write you our Conversation,  
 ‘and as I did not expect you would have de-  
 ‘sired to have known it from me, took no  
 ‘further care, than to assure you that nobody  
 ‘has more Impatience to see you, than

*Your most Faithful*

URANIA.

*URANIA* had scarce done reading, before the whole Company seem’d to endeavour to outvie each other which should give her the greatest applause—but *Thelamont* looking on her with Eyes in which was writ his Passion, Indeed (*said he to her*) you must own you have been to blame in having so long deprived me of the Pleasure which I have now shar’d with the Company; but however dis- obliging your Discretion has been to me, I can’t help saying, that I think *Damon* very happy in being the Occasion of so polite a Work. That’s true, (*said Florinda*) and it must have been only a Man so tenacious of his own Opinion as he is, who could have deny’d assenting to Arguments so convincing. As for me, (*added Camilla*) they have had such an Effect on my Heart, that I know not by what Measures to defend it, if I were address’d to in the manner *Urania* has express’d. You very well deserve it, (*reply’d Felicia*) but it must be own’d there are but few Passions such as those she has described,



and that *Urania* has show'd her Wit at the expence of Probability. I won't allow that, beautiful *Felicia*, (*said Orophanes*) but will maintain, even against you, that there are still Men capable of a virtuous Passion: Doubtless, (*cry'd Thelamont, a little warmly*) and I can't think *Urania* began this Dispute without believing that there are Men such as she would wish 'em to be. I do not deny it (*answer'd she, and at the same time a rosy Blush spread itself all o'er her lovely Face*) and I confess that my own Passion made me imagine I had really found one capable of returning it in the same manner. *Thelamont* had all the sense he ought to have of so obliging a Discourse; and had it not been for the Presence of their Friends, wou'd have thrown himself at her feet to have thank'd her for the Justice she had done him. *Felicia*, perceiving he had a desire to speak to her without being heard, propos'd walking, to give him an opportunity of pouring forth some part of those tender Transports which it is not possible always for a Lover to restrain without pain——Come, (*said she*) we must not hinder *Thelamont* from giving his opinion of *Urania's* Work——At these words they all rose, and the o'erjoy'd *Thelamont* took his adorable *Urania* by the hand, which gave the equally enamour'd *Orophanes* an opportunity of doing the same to *Felicia*, while *Camilla* and *Florinda* follow'd Arm in Arm. Thus, without separating, every body found themselves according to their Inclinations. I am the happiest of Men, (*said Thelamont to Urania, as he led her*) if what you have been saying



ing has any relation to me——My Destiny is most glorious, if I may flatter myself that you know me well enough to believe that you have inspired me with all the Sentiments which you wou'd wish the Man to have, who declares himself your Lover. I assure you, (*reply'd Urania*) that in drawing the Picture of a pure and perfect Passion, I had you alone in view—the footing we're upon, leaves no room to dissemble my Inclinations, my whole Happiness consists in the Delicacy of yours, and I thought I ow'd them this Acknowledgment of telling you I know the value of a Heart of which I flatter myself I am the Mistress.——You see, *Thelamont*, (*continu'd she, more gravely than before*) I speak to you with the Confidence of a Woman who has given her promise; but I conjure you to remember that the Ceremony is still wanting, which must authorize my Vows; therefore desire you will defer till then the Answer which I perceive you are about to make me. No, Madam! (*cry'd Thelamont*) to how immense a height soever you carry my Happiness, the Raptures you inspire shall never exceed the Bounds of that respectful Awe which the Purity of my own Passion, and your Virtue, imposes on me.——But, divine *Urania* (*added he, after a little pause*) do not till the solemnizing of that Ceremony you make me hope, deprive me of entertaining you with the Sentiments of that Heart which you are so good to own you have subdued. I give you leave, (*said she*) when any occasion offers without offence to what we owe the Company; and 'tis even now time to make the Conversation

versation general.—I hear a Dispute  
 between *Felicia* and *Orophanes*, which makes  
 me believe they want us.—*Thelamont*  
 sigh'd at the Sentence, which put an end  
 to his Happiness for that time, but always  
 resign'd to her Comands, they join'd *Flo-  
 rinda* and *Camilla*, who were already with  
*Felicia*. As soon as that beautiful Person saw  
*Urania* approach, Come, I beg you (*said she  
 to her*) and be Judge of a Dispute I have had  
 with *Orophanes*; he complains of my Indiffe-  
 rence, and threatens to try if Absence won't  
 make me more sensible; I maintain that that  
 is the most improper Method he can take,  
 and that if his Presence can gain nothing on  
 me, Absence will make me forget him entire-  
 ly. On the contrary (*cry'd Orophanes*)  
 you'll then think of the Faithfulness with  
 which I have serv'd you, that remembrance  
 will bring regret, regret must infallibly occa-  
 sion sensibility—you'll recall me, and then  
 I shall be the happiest of Mankind. You  
 suppose then, (*said Urania, smiling*) that you  
 should be regretted? My very great Pas-  
 sion, (*answer'd he*) and infinite Respect, assure  
 me that *Felicia*, finding none of her Slaves  
 more tender, or more submissive, will be  
 oblig'd to do me justice. Truly (*said The-  
 lamont*) were I not perswaded that you seek  
 rather to show your Wit than make known  
 your real Sentiments, I should prodigiously  
 condemn you for having such. Can a Man,  
 possess'd with a sincere Affection, think of  
 leaving the Person he loves? Will he hazard  
 a real Blessing for an imaginary one? In short,  
 'tis an Experiment a faithful Lover can never  
 make,

make, nor indeed *ought* to attempt, since it argues either but a small share of Passion, or a very great one of Presumption.

AS he ended these words, they found themselves over against the House : As they were going in, a Chaise and six, attended by two Men on horseback, came galloping after them into the Court-Yard——*Urania* turning back to receive 'em, was agreeably surpriz'd to see that *Belisa* and *Julia*, of whom they had been talking, alight from the Chaise ; but the two Cavaliers, who immediately dismounted to lend the Ladies their hands, rais'd the wonder of not only *Urania*, but of all the Company, nobody there knowing 'em ; but in particular the youngest of the two attracted all their Admiration : he was tall, his Shape fine, graceful, and easy, tho' rather inclining to fat than lean, his Eyes the loveliest Blue that ever was seen, bright, sparkling, but soften'd with a Languishment not to be describ'd, not to be resisted ; his Nose proportion'd to his other Features, a Mouth on which a thousand little Loves sat sportive, and seem'd to wanton in his Smiles ; besides all this, he had a certain Air of Grandeur, which spoke him of superiour Extraction, and of a Mind yet more exalted.——He led *Belisa*, *Urania* ran to embrace her, who after she had return'd those marks of Kindness from her, and saluted the rest of the Company, You are without doubt surpriz'd, dear *Urania*, (*said she*) to see me take the liberty of bringing to your House Persons utterly unknown to\* you ; but my Friendship will suffer me to conceal nothing from you.—

I come to communicate to you both my Griefs and Joys—As thefe Gentlemen are the principal Occafions of both the Paflions I have mention'd, I thought their Prefence neceffary to what I had to fay to you. 'Tis adding very obligingly to my Satisfaction (*faid Urania*) to give me this mark of your Confidence, and were I lefs inclinable than I am to receive any thing that you have a Concern in, the Air and Appearance of the Perfons who accompany you, are fufficient to gain the Esteem of every body.

*BELISA* then turning to the *Cavalier* who led her, Behold (*faid ſhe*) that *Thelamont* and *Urania* you have had fo great an Inclination to be acquainted with, and the Character of whole Merits have made fo great an Impreffion on you. I have not miſtook them, *Madam* (*answer'd the charming Stranger, advancing toward Urania*) the Impreffion you ſpeak of, pointed them out to me. Then addreffing himſelf in the moſt graceful manner to *Thelamont*, whole Arms were already open'd to receive him, ſaid things to both, which were their Due from every body, but which they ſeldom receiv'd in that agreeable faſhion as he knew how to pay.—The noble Pair return'd his Compliments with their uſual Wit and Vivacity, and the Company being join'd, *Belifa* and *Julia* receiv'd the Careſſes of *Felicia*, *Camilla*, and *Florinda*. *Orophanes*, who had been long acquainted with *Belifa*, was preſented by her to the two Strangers, who neither of 'em forfeited that good Opinion of their Underſtandings which their Phyſiognomies at firſt fight had gain'd 'em.

He



He which seem'd the eldest of the two, notwithstanding an Air of deep Melancholy, shew'd so much Gracefulness in all his Words and Actions, which, join'd to a Form perfectly compleat and lovely, render'd it impossible for him to be seen without being admir'd. As for the younger, whom *Bellisa* had call'd by the name of *Onsames*, there was a certain Conformity in his Mind to that of *Thelamont*, a Greatness of Soul and Sentiment, their Hearts united themselves as tho' they had a long time been acquainted, and it may be said, that Sympathy cut off the time necessary to know each other perfectly.

IT not being near Supper-time, *Urania* led the Company to a Terrass which commanded the River, and from which there was a most delicious Prospect; it was surrounded with a great number of grassy Seats, placed near enough each other, to afford those who sat on 'em an opportunity of Conversation. After the Compliments usual on these Occasions; I don't see any body here (*said Belisa*) that will be an Interruption to my informing *Urania* of some Adventures, in which I am sure she'll take a part; therefore, since we have time, I think I had best employ it in acquainting her with what brought me here, independently from the desire of seeing her. You will prodigiously oblige me (*answer'd Urania*) and I fancy that I see a certain Air of Languishment in the Eyes of the agreeable *Julia*, that redoubles my Curiosity, and makes me believe she has great Interest in what you are about to tell us.

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YOUR

YOUR Penetration, dear *Urania*, (*said Julia blushing*) is seldom at a loss, and you have now guess'd so true, that I must intreat you will engage *Belisa* to permit me to visit the Beauties of this Place during her Discourse. With all my heart (*cry'd Belisa laughing*) and tho' we shall be sorry for your Absence, yet we must dispense with your hearing your own History. At these words *Julia* got up, and leaning on the Arm of the eldest of the Gentlemen, she retir'd, saluting the Company with a most becoming Gracefulness.—The other Stranger follow'd her a few steps, and whisper'd her: she seem'd to answer him with Tenderness, after which he return'd to his Seat, his Presence being necessary to make himself known to the Company; and *Belisa* perceiving they attended for what she was to say, addressing herself to *Urania*, began thus.



*The History of Belisa, Orfames, and  
Julia.*

YOU know, dear *Urania* (*said she*) that my Family has been of a distinguish'd Rank, and that a great many considerable Places, as it were hereditary in our House, have render'd it Illustrious: Tho' you are perfectly well acquainted with me, yet I am oblig'd to remind you of these things, that you may the better enter into what I'm about telling you. My Father, who had heap'd up great Riches, as well by his Employments,

ployments, as by several successful Voyages which Ships of his had made to the *Indies*, by a Wife, who was a very advantageous Match, left only one Son and myself. My Mother dying before him, he brought me up in a Nunnery, and took a particular Care in the Education of my Brother *Dorantes*, who, when he became a Man, was in general Esteem.—My Father dying, he was left Master of himself and an immense Fortune, and had so great a Tendernefs for me, that he thought of nothing but making me a Partaker in the Enjoyment of it. He took me home, and using me with a paternal Care, mix'd with a brotherly Affection, I liv'd in all the Happiness of Tranquillity; but Love soon intervene'd to ruffle this Calm of Life, and by its momentary Sweets beguiled me into the fatal Labyrinth of bitter and lasting Perplexities. My Brother had a Friend call'd *Philintus*, who had one of the most considerable Employments in the Naval Forces; he was advanc'd by his Courage at an Age when others only begin to show it. This *Philintus* had a Sister as dear to him as I was to *Dorantes*. She was a Widow of about twenty years of Age, and had a Son two years old, which she was so passionately fond of, that her whole Care was in the bringing him up, living altogether retir'd, receiving no Visits, and scarce seen by any body but her Brother and her own Domesticks. So melancholy a Life, (to dissuade her from it, several Attempts had been made, tho' in vain) was a sensible Affliction to *Philintus*: He was gay, gallant, and a great Courtier himself, and could not

bear his darling Sister should deny herself those Pleasures he had so great a relish of himself——resolving, therefore, to make one last Effort to draw her from a Solitude, which to him would have been so irksome, and prompted, perhaps, by Sentiments which he did not think proper at that time to declare; he requested, that *Dorantes* and I would make her a Visit in this Retirement she had chosen. As much a Lover of it as she was, he said, he was very sure she would receive us with that Civility the Rank we held in the World and in his Esteem deserv'd, and it may be (*added he*) the Conversation of the charming *Belisa* may induce her to come into the World again, if it were only to reap the Advantages an Intimacy with her cannot but afford.

MY Brother consented with Pleasure, and my Complaisance for him made me find no difficulty in it. Hitherto I had not perceiv'd that *Philintus* had any other Sentiments for me than those of Friendship, the very great one he had for my Brother authorizing the Respects he paid me; and as nothing in the world could be more amiable than *Philintus*, I had a most tender Esteem for him, without believing that my Heart would go farther: We were in this Situation of Mind, when we set out to visit *Arlesne*, which was the Name of *Philintus*'s Sister. During the Journey, my Brother desir'd him to give us a Description of her, but could get nothing out of him but these words, *You shall see, and you shall judge.* The Silence he observ'd whenever, on purpose to draw something from him, we told him,  
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we doubted not but she was handsome, and the voluntary Retirement she had made from the World, gave us an opinion she was deform'd ; and that, conscious of her Imperfections, it was her Prudence which made her avoid appearing in a Town stor'd with Beauties. Prejudiced with this Idea, we desisted asking any farther Questions.

AS he had given notice that he would bring Company with him, we found, at our arrival, every thing in order for our Reception—the Pleasantness and Magnificence of the Place merits the most elegant Description ; but I shall content myself with telling you, 'tis one of the most delightful and noble Seats in the whole Kingdom, and that so many Beauties struck our Eyes, that *Dorantes* and I, in secret, sigh'd that it was not inhabited by an agreeable Person : But how great was our Surprise, when we saw *Arfeline*, who waited for us in the midst of her Women, on a stately Terrass which must be pass'd before you go to her Apartment ! — To form any Idea of what she was, one must imagine all that can be conceiv'd of Perfection—the most blooming Youth, the most delicate Complexion, Eyes that had in them all the Fire of *Wit*, and Tendernefs of *Love* ; a Shape easy, and fine-proportion'd Limbs ; and, to all this, a thousand unutterable Graces, accompanying every Air and little Motion. — Whether it was the Idea which we had form'd to ourselves of her, which contributed to our Admiration, or whether it was only the natural Effect of the Charms of this beautiful Widow, but both of us were seiz'd with an Astonishment  
which

which render'd it impossible for some moments, for us to pay those Civilities which were her Due. *Philintus*, who heedfully observ'd our Looks, saw the Confusion we were in with a secret Satisfaction; but dissembling his Thoughts at that time, he took me by the hand, and presented me to his Sister, who, by the Reception she gave us, discover'd she had as great a share of Wit as Beauty.—*Dorantes* was so charm'd and transported with every thing he saw, that he had not Words to express himself; and never did I see him at so great a loss before.—In fine, he fell passionately in love, and, wholly unable to conceal it, he spoke to me of it the third Day after our Arrival in that agreeable Place, and desir'd me to hint it to *Philintus*; his Passion having also inspir'd him with a Timorousness which render'd him incapable of being his own Advocate. *Dorantes* was too dear to me, and *Arsesne* too charming, for me to refuse such a Commission. I undertook the Business, and accordingly entertain'd *Philintus* with the Discovery of his Sentiments the first opportunity, which was not hard for me to find, he always seeming pleas'd when any offer'd to talk with me alone.—He receiv'd what I had to say to him with an Extasy which gave me some surprize, knowing the Disinterestedness of his Soul, and that it could not be for any Advantages he could expect in that Alliance, *Arsesne* having a Fortune separate from her Son, which might entitle her to as great a Match.—He assur'd me, that if my Brother really desir'd it, *Arsesne* should consent to be his Wife—that he  
would

would answer all the Scruples her Reserve should make, and that there was but one Obstacle, and that depended wholly on *Dorantes* himself to remove. I press'd him with all imaginable Earnestness to let me know what it was ; but he excuse'd himself, saying, It was not a thing proper to be reveal'd to any but himself. This Answer prodigiously surpriz'd me, but I forbore to ask him farther, and left him at liberty to go in search of *Dorantes* ; a few moments after I saw 'em walking together in the Garden, but wou'd not interrupt them, and retir'd to my Apartment, waiting the Issue of their Conversation, which I doubted not but I should be inform'd of by my Brother. According to my Belief, as soon as he had parted from *Philintus*, he came directly to me, and seating himself by me ; I owe every thing to you, my dear *Belisa*, (*said he*) finish what you have begun, and make me the happiest of Men, by giving your hand to *Philintus*, who adores you. I own to you, dear *Urania*, that these Words open'd my Eyes, at once I found the Cause of *Philintus*'s Assiduity, and of my Esteem for him : But hiding from *Dorantes* this Secret of my Soul, I made my consenting to receive *Philintus* as a Lover appear as an Act of Friendship and Obedience to him. As I had done speaking, *Philintus* came into the Chamber with *Arsesne*, whom he presented to me as a Sister who would not be repugnant to his Desires. I revoke the Promise which I have just now given, (*said she, embracing me*) if the charming *Belisa* is averse to make my Brother happy. That  
of

of *Dorantes* (*answer'd I*) is too dear to me to retard it; therefore, lovely *Arsesne*, I assure *Philintus* before you, that I accept the Heart he offers me. *Philintus* reply'd to what I said in Terms to make me believe the Silence he had hitherto kept, had only made his Love more violent. *Dorantes* gave a thousand Thanks to his dear *Arsesne*, for so early an Acknowledgment of her Esteem of him; and this double Union being thus concluded on, our Brothers thought of nothing but accomplishing it, and thought it proper to return to Town, both of them desiring it might be solemnized in publick.

*ARSESNE* gave orders about her little Son with all imaginable Tenderness, whom she lov'd with a Fondness exceeding that which is ordinarily to be found in Mothers; and I believe would never have consented to a second Engagement, if she had not been prevail'd upon by some considerable Advantages, which *Dorantes* offer'd to yield to him.

ALL things being ready for our Departure, we were sensibly affected at the extreme Sorrow of *Arsesne* in parting from the young *Orsames*, for so the lovely Babe was call'd; a thousand times we snatch'd him from her Arms, and she as often clung to him again: a Torrent of Tears accompany'd the tender things she said to him, and her Grief seem'd to rise to such a height, that *Dorantes* and all of us begg'd her to take him with her. But her Reason getting at length the better of her Fondness, she wou'd not consent, judging the Change of Air might do him a prejudice,  
which



which her Kisses and Embraces could not repair. The Women who had the care of him, strenuously oppos'd his being remov'd on this score ; so that summoning all her Resolution, she threw herself into the Coach, and made a sign he should be taken from her sight. We follow'd her immediately, and set out melancholy enough for Persons who thought they had such reason to be contented. But it seem'd as if that Sadness which possess'd us all, and which at first was only occasion'd by the sight of *Artesne*, was a Prediction of those Misfortunes which we were too soon to fall into.

*ARSESNE* appear'd more chearful as she approach'd the Town ; she said a thousand obliging things to *Dorantes* and me : and I was so extremely charm'd with her, that I thought myself no less happy in being ally'd to her, than my Brother did in becoming her Husband. *Philintus* having no House in Town, his Sister was prevail'd on to make our's her Home, before the Ceremony of Marriage should give her the Title of Mistress of it—and the intended Bridegrooms being impatient for the compleating their Wishes, every thing was preparing for the Celebration of both Nuptials with all the expedition imaginable.

AT length the Eve to this great Day arriv'd, but it came only to overwhelm us with a mortal Affliction : *Artesne* was on a sudden seiz'd with so violent a Disorder, that she was obliged to take her Bed. You may be sure there was no Assistance wanting ; but, notwithstanding all the care that could be

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taken, her Distemper became mortal in less than twelve Hours : She herself was the first who perceiv'd it, and causing *Dorantes* and *Philintus* to draw near the Bed, where I before was sitting, holding her in my Arms ; I see, (*said she*) that Heaven will not suffer me to enjoy the Happiness you are preparing for me. I assure you, (*added she*) taking his Hand, I should have laid myself under an agreeable Law of contributing every thing in my power to your Felicity ; but since that cannot be, transfer to my dear Child the Tenderness you have for me, and give me the satisfaction of believing, that in losing a Mother, he shall gain a Father—I also beg that my Death may not retard the Marriage of *Belisa* and *Philintus*. In speaking this, she embraced me tenderly, and making her Brother approach still nearer to her, she took our Hands, and join'd them ; Remember (*resumed she*) a Sister, who dying loves you with an Ardour beyond what is ordinarily found among Relations. *Philintus* and myself were almost drown'd in Tears, but the Condition of *Dorantes* was terrible ; I thought several times he would have expir'd before her : He continu'd on his Knees at the Bed-side, holding one of her Hands, without being able to speak one word ; but the Despair which appear'd in his Face, gave me just cause to fear the Effects. That amiable Lady finding herself at the point of death, and troubled beyond measure at the sight of his Grief, loosing her Arm from him, threw it round his Neck ; Farewel, my dear Husband, (*said she*) I beg you will remove from hence—  
your

your Sorrow softens me too much—remember that my last Breath conjures you to live for the sake of him who I prize far above myself.—She then made a sign that we should all retire, being desirous of passing her few remaining Moments with her Confessor, who was all this while waiting in the Room.—

*Dorantes* was carry'd away in a Swoon.—

*Philintus* follow'd him, endeavouring to mitigate the Transports of his Grief.—As

for me, I know not by what means I was convey'd to my own Apartment, where some time after I found myself on my Bed, near which *Philintus* sat in great Affliction; and it was not without difficulty he forc'd himself to tell me that *Arsesne* was just expir'd, and that her whole Body was cover'd with the Venom of her Disease, which no Remedies had the power to throw out. I immediately thought of my Brother; but he assur'd me that he was surrounded by Friends and Servants, who were using all the means they could invent for his Consolation. I went to him, and found him in a Condition the most deplorable that Grief has power to reduce one to—and it was near a Month before we could observe the least Abatement of it—and if then he seem'd to have thrown off some part of the Violence of that Anguish with which at first he was so fiercely agitated; it was only that he might enable himself to execute the Commands of that lovely Person whose Loss had occasion'd it. By her last words he was made Guardian of her Son, and Possessor of his Estate till he should come of age. He therefore sent down to the

Country where the Effects lay, to make her Death, and her Will known, and to assure her Servants that he would take the same care of them as if she were still living.

*PHILINTUS* would very fain have had my Brother concluded our Marriage; but he was yet too full of Affliction to endure the thoughts of a Solemnity which would more remind him of his own irreparable Loss. That faithful Lover however was scarce ever from me; and in this time of a more intimate Conversation with him than I had permitted before I had thoughts of making him my Husband, I discover'd a thousand Virtues, a thousand Beauties which till then had pass'd unheeded by me: Our mutual Tenderness at length arriv'd to that degree of Perfection, which makes Love immortal.

IT was near three Months after the Death of *Arjesne*, that *Dorantes* beginning to think there was something due to a living Friend and Sister, having paid an uncommon Tribute of Sorrow to the Dead, gratify'd the impatient Sollicitations of *Philintus* with a Promise that our Marriage should be celebrated in a few days. But Destiny seem'd to oppose his kind Intentions, and our Happiness: He had scarce time to thank him for the Grant, before he receiv'd an Order from superiour Powers to embark immediately, the Fleet being ready to sail on a secret Expedition. Here was no room for Hope, no possibility of gaining Time——judge of his Despair, and my ungovernable Grief——the Dangers he was going to be expos'd to, made his Departure more afflicting; and never



ver were Farewels accompany'd with greater Symptoms of Inconsolement on both sides. — Omens, alas ! too sure we ne'er should meet again. He had employ'd the little time allow'd him in assigning his whole Estate to me (his little Nephew *Orsames* having a great one of his own) which, tho' it was a vast Addition to my Fortune, was likewise so to my Grief, because it prov'd the Greatness of my Loss in him who had bestow'd it. — The Town grew hateful to me in his Absence, and I desir'd leave of my Brother to retire, and pass some time in *Arfesne's* House: he willingly yielded to it, and recommended the young Master of it to my Care. — When I came near that fine Seat, methought it seem'd stript of all those Charms which had taken my Eyes when first I went; *Arfesne* being no more, the very Trees, and fine Parterre before the Gate seem'd to bewail her Loss, and look'd neglected and forlorn. But at my Entrance every thing became dreadful, by the Trouble and Confusion I found the Family involv'd in; which was occasion'd, as they presently told me, by the flight of *Orsames's* Governess, who had disappear'd two days.

THE hope of her Return, and fear of my Brother's anger, had hinder'd 'em from acquainting him with so afflicting a piece of News, contenting themselves with making a diligent Search for her over all the Country. This Accident renew'd all my Grievs, but thinking it proper my Brother should be acquainted with it, I dispatch'd a Messenger immediately, to whom this was as if *Arfesne* had died a second time. He made use of all his Interest

Interest at Court, and the Power his Post there gave him, and got severe Orders, which were spread thro' all the Provinces, against any Persons who should conceal *Orsames* or *Argina*, (that was the Name of his Governess) and at the same time promising a great Reward to those who should bring any Information of them; but all Enquiries were in vain, they were gone past reach, nor could we hear of any who had seen them.

ABOUT six Months after this Misfortune, my Brother marry'd a young Lady of Quality, called *Philemena*, at first induc'd to it more by Ambition than Love; but the great Merits he found in her soon gain'd her his tenderest Esteem, and the Complaisance she show'd in talking of *Arsesne* with the highest regard, and continually wishing her Son might be found, that she might be a Mother to him, won him so entirely, that in a little time he had no thought for any thing but her. She grew big with Child, and she often said she wish'd it might be a Daughter, who, if *Orsames* was ever found, should be his Wife—She was ready to fall in labour, when, to make me the most unhappy Woman breathing, News was brought of *Philintus's* Death, who was one of the first Commanders kill'd in the Expedition he went upon. I fell extremely ill, she never quitted me night nor day, notwithstanding her Condition; and it was to her Care, Tenderness, and the Charms of her Wit, that I was indebted for my Recovery. *Dorantes* took all the necessary Precautions, to make sure to me the Estate left me by *Philintus*. The agreeable *Philemena* was

was soon after brought to bed of a Daughter, whose Merits you are not unacquainted with, since it is no other than *Julia*; and tho' I am her Aunt, think it not a vain-glorious Boast to say few are more amiable, or have a Wit more justly deserving Admiration.—Her Birth, in some measure, mitigated the Grief I had been plung'd in since the Death of *Philemus*.—Three Years thus pass'd away, at the end of which Death depriv'd us also of my Brother; his last Request to us was, that we would not desist from pursuing, with the utmost Vigour, the Discovery of *Orsames's* Fate; he made me, in particular, promise to spare nothing which might be conducive to that end, and, if found, to endeavour to unite him with *Julia*.

THIS Loss did not at all lessen the Friendship between *Philemena* and me, and the little *Julia* was the equal care of both till nine years old; at that Age, *Philemena* thought proper to deprive herself of the pleasure of her Company, by putting her into a Nunnery, to perfect her in her Education.—She continu'd there three years, in which time she improv'd so considerably in Beauty and Understanding, that her Mother resolv'd to take her home again.—Several advantageous Matches for her were offer'd us, but always flattering ourselves that we should find *Orsames* again, we would not hearken to any Proposals: *Julia* herself express'd so great a repugnance to being marry'd so young, that it made us the more resolute in our Refusals.—Our Enquiries after *Orsames* were still carried on, without being able to learn any thing

thing of him, or his Governess, who we made no doubt was the sole Author of his loss, tho' for what reason we could not possibly guess.——We had taken up some of her Relations, who, notwithstanding long Imprisonment and various Examinations, could give us no light into any thing, we thought ourselves oblig'd to release.

IN the mean time a Sister of *Orsames's* Father, with whom I was not in the least acquainted, *Arsefue* herself having no Correspondence with her, commenc'd a Law-Suit with me for the Effects of *Orsames* and his Mother, the Direction of which was left me by my Brother in his Will.——This Lady, whose Name was *Armira*, pretended that the Death of *Orsames* was sufficiently prov'd by the length of time he had been lost, and that his Estate ought to come to an only Son of hers.——The Suit was long and vigorous; I produc'd *Arsefue's* Will, whereby she made my Brother Guardian to *Orsames*; and that of *Dorantes*, whereby he deposited his Wealth in my hands, expressly forbidding me to part with it till there were certain Proofs of his Death: but as I could give none of his being living, nor *Armira* of his being dead, the Judges order'd that the Estate should continue ten years longer in my hands, and if in that time *Orsames* did not appear, I should deliver it up to *Arimont* the Son of *Armira*, and undoubted Heir of *Orsames's* Father, if that young Gentleman were really not in being.

THIS Decree no way pleas'd her, and her Rage was so violent, that she fell mortally



tally ill. Her Son, who is the other of the Gentlemen who accompany'd me hither, and is now with *Julia*, employ'd all his Cares in endeavouring to recover her, but to no purpose. Press'd by a Remorse of Conscience, one day, as she believ'd herself in the pangs of Death, she confess'd to him she had been guilty of a Crime, which could only be excus'd by her too great Affection for him; and then proceeded to surprize him, with telling, that it was she who had stolen away *Orsames*, favour'd in that Design by his Governor, to whom she had given a considerable Sum of Money to trade with in the *Indies*, where she had sent her, and had never heard from her since.

THIS Discourse made the generous and truly noble Soul of *Arimont* shudder with horror; but seeing her in a Condition which would not permit him to reproach her, he contented himself with telling her, he would never consent to enrich himself with the Wealth of another, and that if *Orsames* was not found, what he should enjoy of his own would afford him but little satisfaction. To these words he join'd an Intreaty, that she would declare what she had done before me, as part of reparation for the Injury she had done in commencing a Suit against me, which was every way so unjust.——It was with much ado she was persuad'd to this, but the Intercessions of her beloved Son, join'd to what she felt in a late Repentance of her Crime, at last work'd the desir'd Effect, and *Arimont* immediately dispatch'd a Messenger to me with a Letter, the words were these:

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Madam,

‘ *Madam,*

‘ **B**E pleas’d to come to *Armira*, who is dying, no time is to be lost; you ought to be inform’d from her mouth of a Secret, on which depends your Ease, and the Honour of him whose highest Ambition is to merit your Esteem.

*ARIMONT.*

I receiv’d this Letter, dear *Urania*, (*contin’d* Belifa) the day before your Arrival at my House, which was the reason I could not enjoy the satisfaction of receiving you. I found *Arimont*’s Mother well enough in her Senses to inform me thorowly of all the Particulars of the Crime she had committed to settle *Arimont* in the Possessions of her Cousin. I caus’d her Confession to be taken in form by a Lawyer, and her Heart being eas’d of so heavy a Burden, she dy’d with more Tranquillity than she had liv’d.

THE Proceedings of *Arimont*, in this Affair, appear’d to me so perfectly generous and disinterested, that I took an Affection to him as tho’ he had been a near Relation. I would not take my leave till I had engag’d his Promise to come and be with me as soon as he had paid his last Respects to his Mother’s Memory; which when he gave me the performance of, I presented him to *Philemena*, who had some time before retir’d herself to the Nunnery where *Julia* was brought up, having trusted her wholly to my Care and

Tenderness.

Tendernefs. She receiv'd him with the Applaufe which his late Action merited, and, as well as I, enter'd into a Friendfhip with him, which he has not once given us caufe to repent. Possess'd of *Armira's* Confeflion, the Effects of *Orfames* remain'd peaceably in my hands without any further trouble. We caus'd Letters to be writ to the *Indies*; there was neither Governour nor Commander of any Place that was not inform'd of the Name of *Orfames*, and Description of his Governnefs. He muft then have been about sixteen Years old. But all our Labours were ineffectual, we could difcover nothing; yet ftill unweari'd with the Search, fix Years fince have been fpent in the fame Uncertainty, till at laft Fortune, or rather a peculiar Providence from Heaven, reftored him to us when we had almoft bid adieu to Hope.

BUT, (*continu'd* Belifa) the Night feems to be pretty far advanc'd, and as my Design in giving you this Information is rather to divert than fatigue, I think I had beft defer the remaining part of the Story till to-morrow. *Urania* feeing her rife, did the fame as well as the reft of the Company. You leave off, Madam (*faid* Thelamont) in a place that very much excites our Curiofity, and I read in the Eyes of the Ladies, that they would prefer the Pleafure of hearing you to the Supper that ftays for them; and the rather, becaufe we make no queftion but that we have with us that *Orfames* fo dear to you. The Inclination he has infpir'd us with, makes us extremely defirous of knowing his

Adventures. This is not the least Effect of the good Influence of my Stars, (*reply'd Orophanes*) and they seem by degrees to lead me to a State of perfect Happiness. As for me, (*said Urania*) I have too much concern for every thing that touches *Belisa* and *Julia*, not to have some for your Fate, if your own Appearance did not interest me yet farther; and I own I am very much griev'd at the Interruption of a Discourse in which I foresee you must of necessity be often mentioned. 'Tis true, (*cry'd Camilla*) and it even makes me melancholy, who am by nature the reverse. Indeed (*added Orophanes*) we ought not to permit *Belisa* to defer the rest of that agreeable Account she has to give us till tomorrow; and I think we give a sufficient Proof of Self-Denial, if we consent to sup in our Impatience, without passing the whole Night in a State of Inquietude. I am of your opinion (*said Florinda*) and *Belisa* has put my Mind into so great an Agitation, that I think her obliged to compose it. As I always take great pleasure (*answer'd Belisa*) in contributing to your's, so you shall govern.

AS they walk'd during this Conversation, by the time it was ended, they were in the Hall, where they found *Julia* and *Arimont* just going to send them word that Supper was serv'd in. They sat down to Table, and tho' the Entertainment was large enough to have detain'd them some time longer, yet the Impatience of hearing the Adventures of a Gentleman who appear'd so amiable, made them quit it in haste. *Julia* being but lately recover'd of a Hurt she had receiv'd, and  
not



not having perfectly regain'd her Strength, desir'd she might retire. *Orsames* led her to the Apartment order'd for *Belisa*, and as she was not inclinable to go to Bed, and that *Urania's* Women stay'd with her, he remain'd there too, not thinking his Presence necessary while *Belisa* finish'd the History she had begun. In the mean time, the other Gentlemen and Ladies sat attentively to hear it; which the agreeable *Belisa* obliged them in, in the following Words.



*The Continuation of the History of  
Orsames and Julia.*

I Have already told you, (*said she*) that six Years were past since the Death of *Arimira*, without our having been able to get any Information of *Orsames*. *Philemena* continu'd in her Retirement, having left her charming Daughter to my Care, who was still unwilling to enter into any Engagement, and interested herself as much as we could do in the Destiny of *Orsames*.——It is certain she form'd to herself an Idea of him very like what he really is, and that was owing to a Picture of *Arsesne*, whom he very much resembles.——It was to no purpose therefore that a Croud of Adorers were daily at my House; their Praises were irksome to her, their Presence uneasy, and she never rested till she prevail'd on me to rid her of  
their

their Persecutions. Almost despairing of ever hearing of *Orsames*, I would have infus'd other Thoughts, but she seem'd bent to die a Virgin, if Fate deny'd her the Felicity of becoming his Wife.——So odd a Passion, and so firm a Constancy for a Man whom she had never seen, and who in all probability she would never see, fill'd me with various Conjectures: I communicated them to her Mother, who on that score, and no other, consented to leave the Monastery. It is about a Fortnight since she has been with me, and had she not been prevented by a little Indisposition, had given herself the pleasure of coming along with us.

SHE discours'd her Daughter on that Head I have been speaking, but could get no other Answer from her, than that she found not the least Inclination to Marriage, unless she could see a Man such as she imagin'd the Son of the charming *Arfesne* must be. It was in vain that *Philemena* represented to her, that all Children were not like their Parents, and that if he were alive, and should ever be known, which now was highly improbable, it was a thousand to one if he reach'd by many degrees the Image she had form'd of him in her Mind; she still continu'd in her first Determination, to live and die as she was. So strange a Resolution in a Creature so young, and of so compliable a Temper in other Affairs, made us consider it rather as an Impulse of Fate, than an Obstinacy of Disposition, therefore resolved to press her no farther, but wait the Result.——Time, which they say unravels all, soon put a period to

to our Wonder, tho' in a manner which gave us fresh occasion for it.

ABOUT ten days ago, *Julia* attended by some of our Women happen'd to be taking the Air in a very pleasant Wood adjacent to my House, where being fatigue'd either with the uncommon Heat of the Day, or weary'd with walking farther than she was accusom'd, she sat down at the foot of a Tree, and fell asleep. The Women retir'd to a little distance, to have their own Talk; but near enough to hear and see any thing that might happen. She had not slumber'd long, when a Gentleman on horseback pass'd through the same Wood; as the way he took led directly toward her, he could not avoid seeing her; and finding her what she really is, he stopt, alighted off his Horse, and was advancing near her, when her Women came up, and begg'd him not to wake their Mistress. The Cavalier told 'em that was not his Intention, but that he was only desirous of contemplating near, what at a distance he had been admiring. As he himself was of a form to inspire Admiration, and pronouncing these words with a most becoming Gracefulness, my Women smiled, and had not the power of hindring him so innocent a Felicity as that which he requir'd: But finding in himself (as he has since confess'd) Emotions which might transport him beyond the Bounds of Reason, he sighing, snatch'd himself from the place, and after having ask'd who she was, saluted them, and thank'd them, he mounted his Horse and retir'd, tho' slowly. My Women in the mean time wak'd *Julia*,  
and

and begg'd her to return to the Castle, left this Adventure, which had hitherto diverted them, might be attended with far different Consequences: They told her what had pass'd, and show'd her the Cavalier, who every step turn'd back to observe her. She was very angry with her Attendants for not having wak'd her, and thought them as imprudent, as the unknown Person appear'd to be discreet.

AS she walk'd homeward, she found she trod on something, and ordering it to be taken up, they perceiv'd it was a Picture-Case enrich'd with Diamonds: Curiosity obliging her to open it, she found it contain'd the Resemblance of a Man perfectly beautiful. My Servants, who presently imagin'd it was his who had just parted from 'em, were as assiduous as *Julia* in viewing it; when she, who was wholly lost in the pleasing Contemplation of Features which appear'd so charming, was on a sudden rous'd from the delightful Dream, she felt herself stab'd in the Shoulder by some body behind her, who at the same time snatch'd away the Picture with the other hand.—She gave a great Shriek, which was echo'd by all the Women at once; who, notwithstanding the Fright they were in, observ'd that the Blow had been given by a *Negro Woman*, who fled with an incredible swiftness. But as *Julia* bled prodigiously, and was fainting away, some of 'em endeavour'd to bring her to herself, while others ran to the Castle for help. All this was accompany'd with such piercing Cries, that they were heard by the Cavalier; who returning  
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to the place where he had left *Julia*, more hastily than he had gone from it, beheld her in all appearance giving up the Ghost, and the *Negro Woman* at a distance making off.—He hesitated not what was best for him to do, but clapping Spurs to his Horse, overtook her in a moment, and finding the *Dagger* still bloody in her hand, together with the *Picture*, he made no question of her Guilt; but seizing her with a furious Grasp, dragg'd her, still galloping back: He brought her to *Julia*, about whom, by this time we were all got.—She was come to herself, and the Blood a little stanch'd by the Linnen which in that hurry my Women had tore to bind the Wound. The Chevalier leap'd trembling from his Horse without letting go his Prey, and approaching us, Madam! (*said he to Julia*) this is the barbarous Wretch that has committed this execrable Action; she belongs to me, and I give her up to you to suffer the most cruel Punishments, but sure I am there are none yet invented severe enough for the Foulness of her Crime.

THE Creature, as he was speaking, endeavour'd to make her Escape; but was surrounded by our People, who ty'd her on the Unknown's Horse: he being on his knees, imploring *Julia* not to impute the horrid Design of his Slave to his Commands or Assent. She look'd on him, as we were afterward inform'd, with all the Attention imaginable, but answer'd not a word: As for *Philemena* and myself, we were in such affliction, that we scarce had the power of observing him; but at length, his Griefs, and the submissive

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manner in which he spoke, obliging me to take notice of him, I was struck at the prodigious Resemblance I found between him and *Arfene*: His Youth, his Beauty, and the Gracefulness of his Address, even in that Hour of Horror, touch'd me to the soul—All the Charms of *Arfene*, and the Love she had for our Family, came fresh into my mind, and methought it seem'd a kind of Sacrilege to the Memory of that dear Friend, not to pay respect to what appear'd to have so very much of her.—By what misfortune is it, Sir, (*said I*) that such a Man as you shou'd have been brought to harbour such a Wretch about you? You see, Madam! (*answer'd he*) before you the most unfortunate Man in the world: But this Place and Exigence will not allow me to speak what I would very fain inform you; permit me to attend you home, and at present let us think of nothing but succouring this Adorable distress'd.

IN speaking this, he took *Julia* by one Arm, and *Philemena* being next her, tho' almost motionless thro' Grief and Astonishment, did the same by the other. In this melancholy Condition we got to the Castle, where we immediately put her to bed; and the Surgeons being sent for, comforted us with the hopes that her Wound was no otherwise dangerous, than thro' the great quantity of Blood she had lost: They dress'd it, and order'd she should be left to rest. We put the *Negro* Woman into a secure Apartment, and caus'd her to be strictly watch'd, not being willing to deliver her into the hands of Justice, till we had heard what the Unknown had to inform

form us of. Things being thus order'd, *Philemena* and I led him into another Room; where we begg'd him to discover to us what he cou'd imagine the Motive to be, which had occasion'd this Misfortune: which he did in these words, utter'd in such a manner, as must have melted a Heart the most insensible.

I wish, Madam, (*said he, addressing himself to Philemena*) that there were a possibility for you to look into my Soul, you would find it pierc'd with a Grief so poinant, as would even mollify yours, injur'd as it is, in the most sensible manner: and I believe you will make no doubt of it, when you shall be inform'd of my Fate. I have been brought up from my tenderest Infancy in *Mexico*, my Mother's Name was *Rosimunda*, and mine *Mesares*. *Rosimunda* never told me by what Accident she came to settle at such a distance from this place, which she often said was her native Country; but however that was, she was so very rich, that she kept a House which seem'd to be a second Court, and yielded to none in Magnificence, except the Viceroy's. She made her Visits regularly to the Vice-Queen, who having a great regard for her, prevail'd on her Husband to take me under his Care; which he did with an unparallel'd Generosity, giving me an Education befitting the Heir of an Empire. I made it my whole endeavour to return the Goodness they shew'd me: My Heart and Sentiments were so well agreed with the Advancement I met with in the Palace, that I lost great part of that Tenderness a Son ought to have for his Mother; and tho' mine ex-

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press'd a great Concern for my Interest, yet it was observ'd that there was a Tincture of Coolness in our Affections, which seem'd to belye Nature.

I was scarce arriv'd at the Age of Nineteen, when the Viceroy gave me a very considerable Employment in the Army; his Friendship for me making him overlook my Youth and Want of Experience: But my good-fortune was such, that in three or four Campaigns I distinguish'd myself so as to deserve his Esteem, and entirely take away all fear of being blame'd by the King his Master, for reposing so much Confidence in a Person of my Age. I return'd to *Mexico* after four years absence to see *Rosimunda*, who was in a pretty advanc'd Age, and in a weak State of Health: I found with her, and very much in her Confidence, this Criminal *Negro*, whose Name is *Fatyma*. Nothing could be well done in the House, if *Fatyma* had not the ordering of it; in fine, the Treatment she found with her, was more like that one should expect from a Sister than a Mistress. As for me, who seldom stirr'd from the Viceroy's Palace, and whom a Pride which I knew no reason for, put above certain Attentions, I never troubled myself about the Causes of so extraordinary a Friendship; but yet I took notice that whenever I went to visit *Rosimunda*, this *Fatyma* used me with a Tenderness which exceeded Respect: This, for the present diverted me, and I return'd it with as much Gallantry, as such an Object deserv'd.



TWO Years pass'd on in this manner, when my Mother, who had long labour'd under many Distempers, dy'd, recommending *Fatyma* to my Care, assuring me she very well merited all the Kindness I could show her; and tho' she was a Slave, had sprung from a Family the most illustrious in her Country: and beside all this, it was in her power to be necessary to me in Affairs which yet I did not dream of. I had no difficulty to obey this Injunction; *Fatyma* express'd on all accounts so great a Zeal for my Interests, that, whether I would or no, it attach'd me to her. Some time after *Rosimunda's* Death, a very advantageous Match was propos'd to me; but Ambition being then my darling Passion, and looking on such an Engagement as an Obstacle to my Fortune in the Army, I refus'd it: But one day happening to talk to *Fatyma* about it, Alas! Sir, (*shedding Tears while she spoke*) your Fate is not sufficiently decided for you to take upon you the Cares of a Husband and a Father—but if there be a Woman capable of meriting such an Honour, it is only *Fatyma*.—Guess, Ladies, (*continu'd he*) the Astonishment I was in at these Words; I plainly had seen that it was Love had occasion'd the Regards she had shown for me; but I never could have believ'd it would have carry'd her to such lengths, as to propose Marriage to me. I was not able immediately to make any reply to what she said; but I doubt not but my Looks sufficiently acquainted her with my Disdain of so impudent an Expectation—for, assuming an Air of Arrogance, which

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before I had never seen her wear ; You seem amaz'd, (*resumed she*) but it is infinitely in my power to make you so much more ; forasmuch as you imagine yourself affronted by the Offer I have made you, know, that she who wishes to be Mistress of your *Heart*, is already so of your *Destiny*.

THIS last part of her Discourse making me think her Brain a little touch'd, I began to pity her, and answering more seriously than else I would have done ; I am sensible of your Zeal to serve me, (*said I*) and have all the Gratitude imaginable for it—but, *Fatyma*, I would have you think within yourself how improbable it is we should be made for one another ; and that the Passion you say you have for me gives you no right to be the Disposer of my *Destiny*. But yet I am so, (*interrupted she fiercely*) your Fate lies hid in Clouds as dark as Night, or my own Visage, reveal'd only to me, never to be expos'd to other Eyes, unless you yield to make me sharer of it.—Think not that I am mad, or that my Passion makes me utter things impossible to be effected—for, to prove the Truth of what I have further to relate, thus much I will inform you, that *Rosimunda* was not your Mother——but for the rest——If this be real, (*cry'd I, strangely alarm'd*) and there be more of Wonders in thy Meaning, as more there must be—there are Ways to force thee to relate it, if Persuasions fail—Drive me not therefore to Extremes, (*contin'd I, a little more calmly*) but let that Tenderness which you pretend to have for me, prevail to ease the Doubts thy strange Discourse

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*(reply'd she resolutely)* your Threats more  
 move my Scorn than Terror; that Heart  
 which has, like mine, endur'd the Pangs of  
 hopeless Love, can fear no other Racks—  
 already torn by thy Disdain and Cruelty, I  
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 Conditions *Fatyma* would impose on me,  
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 ter of those People, the Violence of their  
 Tempers rendering them capable of every  
 thing that's desperate, made me resolve to  
 proceed with her only by fair means. To that  
 end therefore, after a little Consideration,  
 I follow'd her into the Garden, where I per-  
 ceiv'd, from the Window, she was gone; and,  
 submitting my Temper as much as possible,  
 said all the obliging things I could invent, tel-  
 ling her, that as I had been inform'd by *Rosi-*  
*munda* that she was of a Rank superiour to what  
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 be

be to prove she merited not the Ill-Fortune she had met, and I was of a Disposition as much averse to any thing which had an Air of Compulsion as she could be ; and since I did not go about to use any to her, entreated she would not be less generous to me, but leave the Reward of that good Action she told me was in her power to do me, to my own Gratitude ; which would certainly make me more at her devotion than any Promise she should extort from me, could bind me to be.

TO all this she made me no answer for some time, but, while I was speaking, seem'd to regard me with a scornful Smile. Sir, (*said she, at last*) I know you think it an easy matter to deceive a Woman, especially one that loves you ; but those of my Country and Complexion are more wary—I still insist on the Conditions before-mention'd, which if you refuse, the Secret shall die with me——'tis at your choice either with *Fatyma* to be prov'd the Son of one of the most illustrious Families in the Kingdom which claims your Birth, and the undoubted Heir of vast Possessions ; or, without her, to remain *Mesares* still, ignorant of your Birth, and Master only of a few Plantations ; which, tho' enabling you to make a figure here, is nothing in competition with what is your Due elsewhere. She urg'd many more Reasons to persuade me how happy I might be in a Wife who lov'd with that Excess of Passion she did : But her Arguments were of no more force with me, than mine with her ; and I was obliged to leave her in the same Humour in which I had found her.

EIGHT Days pass'd away in this Perplexity, during which time I scarce ever slept or eat; what she had told me, and which I question'd not but she had grounds for, run so much in my head, that to have been ascertain'd, I would have given any thing but what she demanded. I several times offer'd to make over to her all the Estate left me by *Rosimunda*, and great part of that she gave hope of here, if that might have purchas'd the Secret; but in vain: she was still the same. At last, with a prodigious deal of difficulty, I prevail'd on her to soften the matter so far, as, instead of obliging myself to marry her, I should engage myself to marry no other Woman, without she herself gave consent, and that she should always live with me, in what State soever I should happen to be cast.

IT was certainly the Effect of a very great Passion which made her satisfy'd, since she could not persuade me to make her my Wife, that I should not give to any other a Title which she imagin'd so great a Blessing: and I, for my part, was well enough contented to enter into Obligations never to marry without her Approbation, which I well saw she never would give to any one; because at that time I thought I knew enough of my own Heart, not to be much afflicted if I never enter'd into that Condition. As soon as I had given her the necessary Assurances proper to secure the Performance of the Covenant, As an Earnest (*said she*) of what I can inform you, know, that the Name of *Mesares* includes that of *Orsames*, which is your true one; that

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*Rosimunda* was in reality *Argina* ; and that your Mother, who dy'd when you were but two Years old, was call'd *Arsefne*.—Scarce had the Stranger pronounc'd these words, when *Philemena* and I gave a Cry of Joy, which surpriz'd him no less than the Discourse he had lately related he had had with *Fatyma* had done ; but, restraining ourselves as well as we were able, Go on, Sir, (*said Philemena*) you are with People very much dispos'd to serve you : She that you just now name'd, has been so dear to us, that I doubt not but you will become infinitely so too. If so, Madam, (*answer'd he*) I shall have no farther reason to complain. *Fatyma* told me also, (*continu'd he*) that she had certain Proofs which might not appear considerable to me, but would be greatly so to those to whom I belong'd : But to clear up this Matter thoroughly, we must quit *Mexico*, and come hither ; And to convince you perfectly, (*added she*) here is the Cap and Dress in which you was stole away ; at the same time taking out of a little Trunk, of which she was always particularly careful, a Dress and Cap such as Children generally wear : You may judge, (*said she*) that they who have lost you, will easily know this again. Supported by all these Proofs, what *Argina* discover'd to me cannot be suspected, since I am of too distant a Country to have learn'd your Fate from any other Persons than those concern'd in it. Your Name, your Mother's, and some particular Instances of the Affairs of your Family, with which by the same means I am acquainted, will be additional convincing Proofs. I had  
some



some farther talk with her, which help'd to assure me, that what she said was certain. After which, I waited on the *Vice-Roy*, who was not the same who had educated and prefer'd me, but who had as great a regard for me; for you know, Ladies, that the Kings of *Spain* bestow those great Dignities only for three Years: my Patron had, as a particular Favour, enjoy'd it six, and, when he quitted it, had recommended me so well to his Successor, that I always found in him a readiness to serve me. I acquainted him with part of what *Fatyma* had told me, and the Design I had of coming hither with her, to prove the Truth of what she made me hope. He advis'd me to it, and gave me leave to make use of some Ships just then ready to sail for *Europe*.

I settled my Affairs with all imaginable expedition, and having placed trusty Persons in my House, and stock'd myself with a pretty large Parcel of Money and Jewels, embark'd with *Fatyma*, and her mysterious Cabinet. The Winds favouring my Wishes, in due time we arriv'd near *Brittany*, where *Fatyma* told me our Search was to begin; assuring me I had an Aunt named *Armira*, but that she being my Enemy, it was wholly improper I should make myself known to her, till I had seen others of my Relations more inclin'd to serve me. I submitted to her Directions, and, after great Enquiries, we were inform'd that she was dead, and that her only Son resided in the Capital of this Province. *Fatyma* told me 'twould be of the utmost Consequence to go thither, because there were

Persons who would, by the Proofs she had to give, be obliged to own me.

STILL rule'd by her, we set out, but the Troubles of my Mind, Change of Air, and Fatigues of my long Voyage and Journey, threw me into a little sort of a Fever; and I have been obliged to stay at a Village about a Mile distant from this Castle. Growing something better, the Pleasure of this Wood invited me to partake of its Refreshments; and passing through it, I was struck with the most amazing Sight of a beautiful Lady asleep, at the foot of a Tree; my Eyes being perpetually fatigu'd with the sight of *Fatyma*, I was glad to divert the Idea of her by that charming Object——fatally to my Repose, and her Safety, as it afterwards prov'd: I drew near, and was inform'd by some of her Women, that her Name was *Julia*, and that she liv'd in this Castle with her Mother and her Aunt. I sigh'd with Grief at being obliged to leave her; and, re-mounting my Horse, turn'd back full of Emotions, which before were Strangers to me; but though I was convinc'd it was the Sight of that divine Person which had occasion'd 'em, I could not resist the inexpressible Delight of looking on her: tho' my Horse went forward, my Eyes were turn'd backward——I saw her rise, before I was out of sight; but she walking this way, I lost that Satisfaction; and I had nothing to console me, but the Hope that there was a Possibility I might some time or other renew that Happiness.——I was riding slowly on, when my Contemplations were disturb'd by a sudden and most terrible Cry,

Cry, it seem'd of Women, which made me return with all the speed I could, believing I might be of service: But, O God! with what Words can I make you sensible of the Astonishment, the Horror, the Distraction which all at once invaded me, when I saw *Fatyma* flying along the Road with my Picture in one Hand, and a bloody Dagger in the other, and at the same time beheld the beautiful *Julia* in the Condition you found her? But what is impossible for me to express, I doubt not but your own Thoughts will easily conceive. The presumptuous Confession I make to you of my Love to *Julia*, which is as violent as it is sudden, must needs make you judge the Despair of a Man, who sees the Person he adores assassinated by the Woman who is possess'd of the Secret of his Life, and convince you that he can have but little regret at dying, after so unhappy an Accident.

HEAVEN (*said Philemena, seeing he had done speaking*) conducts its Favourites by secret Ways to Happiness; and you may expect every thing from that invincible Hand, that has, contrary to your Hopes, led you to the only Place where you can be inform'd of your Fate. Yes, doubtless, (*added I*) and I make no question but that you are that *Orsames* whose Loss has cost us so many Tears. If we seek further Proofs, 'tis rather to assure you of what you are, than from any Distrust of ours. *Fatyma* is too necessary a Person to lose, and if *Julia* is in no danger, we will endeavour by gentle Methods to inform ourselves. In the mean time, look on  
this

this House as your own; if you are *Orsames*, as 'tis scarce probable you should be any other, you'll here find your Relations, Friends, and the Persons who ought to be dearest to you.

HE seem'd very much astonish'd at this Discourse from me; but his Surprize hindered him not from answering it in the most obliging and respectful manner; assuring us, that he submitted himself entirely to us. He put us in mind that we should send to his Lodging for the Cabinet; we desired he would fetch it himself, making no scruple of giving him that Mark of our Confidence: for it was already evident enough to us, that he was really *Orsames*.

HE immediately took horse, and during his absence we went into *Julia's* Chamber, whom we found in a violent Fever, which gave us great uneasiness: I left *Philemena* with her, and went to *Fatyma*, whom I found so lost in Thought, that she saw me not till I had been a considerable time in the Room, and had seated myself in a Chair directly opposite to that she was in; but having at length perceiv'd me, she arose, and looking on me with a resolute Countenance—*Madam, (said she)* I am prepared to meet the worst you can inflict; if you are come to give me notice of my Death, be assur'd I dread it not. If you have no regard for your own Life (*answer'd I*) tremble for that of your Lover—*Mesares' Head shall pay the Forfeit of your Crime. Mesares (interrupted she)* is innocent: and should your Vengeance fall on him, Justice would blush to have her sacred



sacred Name prophane'd in such an Act of Horror.—But there's no need (*continu'd she*) to lose my Fears for him ; 'tis easy for me to arrest the Blow, tho' the up-lifted Ax was ready to descend with utmost fury on him. What mean you ? (*cry'd I, affecting a Surprise.*) I mean (*resume'd she*) to inter-

rest you in his Fate, by means you are yet far from imagining ; but you must permit me to see him first, and speak to him without Witnesses : and in return for that Favour, I swear by all things holy, to inform you of a Secret which very much imports you to be acquainted with. You shall have your desire, (*said I*) but promise me that you will make no attempt on your own Life. She vow'd she wou'd not, and I left her to go and give an account to *Philemena* of our Conversation, who was prodigiously pleas'd with the Trick I had frighted her with.

AS we were discoursing on this wonderful Effect of Providence, *Orsames* return'd with the Cabinet ; but the Key being in *Fatyma's* possession, we wou'd not break it open, for fear of irritating her, and preventing her from discovering what we wish'd to learn. We thought proper to defer till the next day the bringing *Orsames* to her presence, and in the mean time found so many Charms in his Conversation, that we thought we cou'd not sufficiently admire him. We shew'd him the Picture of *Arfesne*, and he assur'd us he felt more soft Emotions at the sight of that, than ever he did at all the Tendernefs that *Rosimunda* had express'd for him.

WE

WE pass'd the rest of the Day in telling him the Particulars of the Life and Death of that amiable Lady; but without letting him into any of them, which we imagin'd were known to *Fatyma*. He appear'd very much touch'd at the account we gave him, and the Power of Blood seem'd to manifest itself in him every time we pronounc'd the Name of *Arsefne*.

AFTER such like Discourses, we again went to see *Julia*, whom we found somewhat better, but very weak and faint. *Orsames* begg'd leave to watch with her Women, never thinking her living but when he saw her. We would not suffer that, but to satisfy him, gave him a Room so near hers, that he cou'd every moment hear News from her. The Night being pretty much advanc'd, we forc'd him to retire: it was very late when *Philemena* and I went to bed, but we had the satisfaction of leaving *Julia* entirely free from her Fever, which gave us some hours of undisturb'd Repose.

THE next Day, as soon as *Orsames* thought it a proper time, he begg'd leave to see us, and being enter'd into *Philemena*'s Apartment, Madam, (*said he to her*) I come to entreat your Permission for my Interview with *Fatyma*——I cannot bear living in this Uncertainty; the Favours you show me are too precious to be thrown away——I dread my not being that *Orsames* you so much wish to find, and of consequence not deserving of them. I assure you, Sir, (*reply'd Philemena, with an obliging Smile*) should you not be the Person we believe you are, we shall not  
how-

however cease from having a very great esteem for you ; and it would be more our loss than your's, to find such unequal'd Perfections are not the portion of him to whom we have determin'd to give *Julia*.——He sigh'd at those words, which gave her occasion to proceed. I have hitherto (*added she*) heard nothing but what serves to persuade us you are really that *Orsames* we wish to prove you : And here is *Belisa*, who is more convinc'd of it than I am. Therefore, dear Sister, (*pursu'd she*) satisfy his Impatience, carry him to *Fatyma*, and bring matters to a conclusion, for our common Good.

I took too much interest in such a Decision not to comply ; so taking him by the hand, I led him to the Chamber where *Fatyma* was secur'd : She was in bed when we came, and the Women I had left with her told us, she had not clos'd her Eyes the whole night, but had spent it in continual Agitations. They told her *Mesares* was come, she begg'd us to draw near——I ask pardon, Madam, (*said she to me*) for receiving you in this manner ; but the Resolution I have taken, and which after I have spoken to *Mesares* you shall be inform'd of, will I hope plead my Excuse. I answer'd her with as much gentleness as such a Discourse requir'd, and having told her she was free to entertain him, I left 'em, ordering my Women to keep at a distance. I was no sooner gone, but causing him to sit down on the bed-side, Well, Sir, (*said she*) was it not enough for the unhappy *Fatyma*, that she cou'd not inspire you with Love, but she must also incur your Hatred ?

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'Tis

'Tis my Affection for you that has made me guilty, and the Motive, methinks, might induce you to pardon the Effect. Love is not now the question, (*answer'd he, somewhat sullenly*) you have committed a most detestable Action; you have brought Affliction, and perhaps Death, into a worthy and innocent Family: But, *Fatyma*, a Pardon for all these Misfortunes is in your hands, in discovering immediately what you know of my Birth. I see plainly (*said she*) the Action which my jealous Passion for you has influenc'd me to commit, will be a Pretence for you, out of your growing Love to *Julia*, to break thro' the solemn Promise you made me never to marry without my approbation—'Tis still in my power (*added she*) even tho' to purchase my Pardon I reveal all that I know of you, to keep you still unhappy, by never giving that Consent, without which I know your Honour will not permit you to gratify your Passion.—But you shall find that I despise all that must happen from Compulsion; you were born to compleat *my* Misfortunes, I to deliver you from *yours*: Therefore remember that if my Passion has been the Cause of some little Uneasiness to you, it is now going to establish your Happiness for ever. But now (*continu'd she*) let *Philemena* and *Belisa* come in; for I will further explain myself only before them: and let the Cabinet which I have been entrusted with, be brought.

*ORSAMES* call'd immediately to some of my Women to fetch us; the Vivacity with which he did it, made the unhappy

*Fatyma*



*Fatyma* sigh; but the Resolution she had taken, prevented her from giving any farther loose to the inward Perturbations of her Soul. When we were come into the Room, and had seated ourselves, beginning thus—'Tis to you, Madam, (*said she, addressing herself to me*) that I owe an Account of this Gentleman's Fortune, therefore shall declare to you that he is Son to *Arsesne*, and his Name *Orsames*; his Governess *Argina*, who pass'd for his Mother under the Name of *Rosimunda*, was never wanting in her Affection to him, in any particular, except in taking him from his Family—and happening to be agreeable to one of the richest Merchants in *Mexico*, he married her, died in a short time after, and left her in possession of all his Wealth, which she never spare'd laying out for the service of young *Orsames*; for when this happen'd, he was but a Child. By a most unhappy Turn of Fortune, I was brought to *Mexico*, and presented to *Rosimunda* in no other quality than a Slave; but finding, as she was pleas'd to tell me, something that appear'd far different from the Station I was in; she made of me a Friend instead of a Servant: I had so great a share of her Confidence, that she inform'd me, while her Eyes stream'd with repentant Tears, of every thing that *Armira*, Sister-in-Law to *Arsesne*, had done to prevail on her to carry him away, that his Estate might come to her own Son, whose Name, I think, is *Arimont*.—She told me also, that your Brother *Dorantes* was Guardian to *Orsames*, and that you was to have been married to *Philintus*,

Brother to *Arfene*, and not long before her death put into my hands this Cabinet, in which were the Clothes and Cap *Orfames* had on, when he was taken from his Mother's House. The secret Passion I had for *Orfames*, made me remember every particular of what she told me: I constrain'd myself, however, to conceal what I felt from her, or him who had occasion'd it, while she lived; but after her death knowing myself the only surviving Mistress of his Fate, I must confess I entertain'd the most presumptuous Hopes, and accordingly spok'd to him.

YOU may spare yourself the pains of relating all that pass'd between us in *Mexico*, (*cry'd Orfames*) it being nothing material to the business which is requir'd of you, and come to that part of it which more nearly will concern the Company.

I doubt not (*resum'd Fatyma*) but my Passion is so very odious to you, that you cannot well endure the Repetition of it; but, Sir! you shall soon, very soon be eas'd of it, and the Owner also. A great Sigh succeeded these words, but summoning all her Courage, I will only then (*continu'd she*) add, that *Orfames* receiv'd my Declaration of Love with that Contempt, which his Dislike of me made him think it deserv'd; but the Curiosity of knowing his Birth, at length prevail'd on him to bind himself never to marry without my leave and approbation: which, since I could obtain no more, gave me some satisfaction to think 'twas in my power to prevent any of my Sex, who should happen to be more agreeable in his eyes, from enjoying

a Happiness which was deny'd to me. He submitting himself to my Conduct, we embark'd with the first Ship, and in due time landed here in *Brittany*: As *Argina* had inform'd me that *Armira* was of that Province, I secretly enquir'd into her Affairs, and was told of the Law-Suit she had with you, of her Death, and of the Confession she had made to you. I heard too, that *Dorantes* had been married, and had a Daughter by his Lady, since the loss of *Orsames*; that she was ordain'd to be his Bride, if ever he return'd; that you, Madam, by the last Will of that dear Brother, was left Guardianess of all the Effects which had been in the possession of *Arsefne*, till News should be heard of her Son. All these Particulars, which *Rosimunda* cou'd not possibly know (as being at too great a distance, and some of them happening after her Decease) I learn'd from the People of this Country; and judging you the Person most proper to be first acquainted with *Orsames*, we directed our Journey hither, tho without letting him know to whom we were coming.—We stopt within a mile of your Castle, being desirous of informing my self if you were here, before I told him any thing of you.—I soon heard you were, and that your Niece also, the too beautiful *Julia*, was with you. I presently knew it was the same ordain'd to be *Orsames*' Wife whenever he was found, and was alarm'd with most terrible Apprehensions; but the Vow I had extorted from him, enabled me to sustain 'em.—Indulging my melancholy Thoughts one day in the adjoining Wood, I  
saw

saw you there with the fatal *Julia*: I soon guess'd who you were, and resolving to be certain, follow'd at a distance, till I saw you enter the Castle. I return'd home full of Rage, Jealousy, and Despair; the Charms of *Julia*, which I had been now an Eye-witness of, made me resolve never to trust *Orsames* with her Sight, not doubting but he would break thro' all Vows, all Obligations, rather than render himself miserable, by refusing the Blessing ordain'd for him by her Father. I pretended to be out of humour that I could hear nothing of those Persons *Rosimunda* had told me of—that I believ'd she had deceiv'd me with a fictitious Tale, and that I would have him think of returning to *Mexico*; for it would be but lost time to tarry here. But his Stars, stronger than my Reasons, provided him with Arguments for staying. I could by no means prevail with him to quit this Place, which he would often say seem'd natural to him. He spent most of his Days in riding up and down the Country, taking a vast pleasure in viewing the many beautiful Seats which are hereabouts. I never suffer'd him to go alone, still following, tho' unknown to him, his Steps.

SOME days ago I lost his Picture in the Wood, I never told him of it till yesterday, when happening to be seen by him, I made the Search of that my Pretence for coming after him; finding he took the Road in the middle of the Wood, I struck into the thickest Part of it, where I could, without being distinguished by him, observe all his Motions: and when I saw him alight, I drew a little

nearer,



nearer, and discovered *Julia* and her Wo-  
 men—I saw every Agitation of his Soul  
 while looking on her, and read my Misfor-  
 tune in his Countenance—It was with the  
 utmost difficulty I restrain'd myself from fly-  
 ing out, and disturbing the Pleasure he took  
 in contemplating her; and I believe should  
 not have had the power to have done so long,  
 but that when my Impatience was at the ut-  
 most height, I saw him re-mount, and again  
 pursue his Way: I was going to leave the  
 Place, when I perceiv'd his Picture in the  
 Hands of *Julia*. I presently imagin'd he had  
 given it her, and that this was not the first  
 time they had seen each other. This Sugge-  
 stion robb'd me of all that was considerative—  
 I was no longer Mistress of my Despair—  
 the worst of Furies had the entire Possession  
 of my Breast.—I drew my Dagger, flew like  
 Lightning to her, and—Madam, you know  
 the rest, and may spare me the Repetition of  
 a Crime which there's no way to expiate but  
 this—this is the only means to absolve *Orsames*  
 of his Vow, and purchase pardon for the  
 unhappy *Fatyma*. In speaking these words,  
 she drew a little Ponyard, which she had  
 conceal'd in the Bed, and struck it into her  
 Breast with so much fatal speed, that none  
 of us were quick enough to avert the Blow—  
 The Concern for what she had done, sus-  
 pended our Acknowledgments of the Pleasure  
 we found in being convinced *Orsames* was the  
 Person we so much wish'd to find him. A  
 Surgeon being in the House to attend *Julia*, we  
 immediately call'd for him, but he gave us but  
 little hope of recovering her. At first she  
 strongly

strongly oppos'd the dressing her Wound ; but *Orsames*, who was touch'd to the Soul at the Effect of her Despair, intreated her to live with so tender an Earnestness, that she at last consented to have the Means apply'd. I ought not indeed, (*said she*) to have disturb'd the Transports of this happy Day, I should have join'd their Hands, whose Hearts I see already are cemented—pardon my stubborn Soul—She fainted away with these Words, but soon recovering enough to speak ; *Madam*, (*said she to me*) I had forgot one material Evidence of *Orsames*' Birth, that Cabinet contains the Dress and Cap which he had on, when stole away, I beg it may be open'd ; *Argina* having told me you made a Present of it to *Arsesne*, when she was going to be marry'd to your Brother, you doubtless will remember it. She gave the Key to one of my Women, as soon as she had done speaking, who bringing it to me open, I found, as she said, the very Cloths and Cap I had given him ; the latter having been embroider'd and enrich'd with Pearls by my own Hands, I very well knew again.

*PHILEMENA* and myself embrac'd him tenderly ; she desir'd him to look on her as his Mother, assuring him, that she with pleasure saw his Inclinations agreed with the dying Request of *Dorantes*.

*ORSAMES* could not contain the excessive Joy he felt at these Words ; it broke out in the most rapturous Expressions : and *Fatyma*, who had not the less Passion for having so much Resolution, not able to sustain the violent Emotions which all at once invaded her,  
fell

fell a second time into a swoon. *Orsames*, who too late perceiv'd what he had done, assisted us in bringing her to herself, which as soon as she was, with a Voice and Countenance which plainly told us Death was not far off—I find (*said she to Orsames*) my latest moments are at hand—the shocks I feel bring 'em on more swiftly than my Wound would do; I have but one Request to make—perform it, I beseech you, not to marry *Julia* till I am laid in Earth, and when you have a leisure hour, read o'er a Paper which you will find in that Cabinet—it may give you some Consolation to discover, that the Woman who thought the loss of Life nothing in competition with that of you, was of a Rank whose Love was not a Disgrace, tho' it has been a Trouble to you.—She was oblig'd to pause for breath a-while as she spoke this, then straining herself beyond her Strength, she exhausted her whole Stock in wishing him eternal Happiness—with *Julia* (*said she*) —She could no more, but sinking softly down in the bed, yielded to Fate a Life which had been full of Sorrows. There appear'd in her, notwithstanding those faults which raging Love and Jealousy had occasion'd, a Greatness of Soul in her Behaviour, which methought look'd lovely—neither *Philemena* nor myself could refrain from Tears, and *Orsames* seem'd overwhelm'd in generous Concern. The sight of his Grief oblig'd us to rouse from ours much sooner than perhaps we should else have done, and taking him by the hand, Come Sir (*said I*) permit us to lead you from the View of this

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irremediable Misfortune, to afford *Julia* the satisfaction of partaking in the Joy we have to find you are the Person Heaven has allotted for her.—The Name of *Julia* had the effect I wish'd—his Eyes recover'd their Vivacity, and his Cheeks their Freshness—At our entering her Apartment, we were told she was entirely out of danger ; we told her the whole Story, and *Philemena* presented *Orsames* to her as a Man who was to be her Husband, which she seem'd to obey with pleasure.—The Sweetness of her Disposition made her extremely concern'd at the sad effects of *Fatyma's* Despair ; and hearing us make mention of that Paper she had desir'd *Orsames* to read, begg'd we might satisfy her Curiosity and our own at the same time, by examining the Contents of it in her Chamber : We all agreed to it ; I sent for the Cabinet, and finding a Scroll of Paper carefully sealed, made no doubt but it was that, and gave it to *Orsames* to break open, which he did, and found written on the top, *The Misfortunes of Fatyma*.

BUT (*continu'd Belisa, looking on her Watch*) I am afraid it will be breaking too far into the hours allow'd us for Repose, to enter into this History to-night ; besides, if you are not tir'd with what I have already related, the remainder will serve for a part of your Entertainment to-morrow.—Tho' all the Company were prodigiously charm'd both with the History, and her Manner of telling it, and had a kind of impatient Curiosity to know the Conclusion, yet believing it would  
be



be too great a fatigue to her at that time, agreed to defer it till the morning.—They waited on her to her Apartment, where they found *Julia* and *Orsames*. *Thelamont* again embrac'd him, and congratulated him on the Happiness he was going to enjoy—all the amiable Society took part in their Destiny, and complimented them on it—After which, they retir'd, to take the sweets of that Repose, which never can be sought in vain by those whose Sentiments are noble, and whose Aim is Honour.



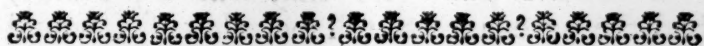


T H E  
S E C O N D   D A Y .

**T**HE Queen of Night, uneasy that *Morpheus*, shelter'd under the Umbrage of her Charms, should so long detain, bound in his silken Fetters, Persons, the least moment of whose Lives lost was an irreparable injury to the world ; with Vigour lash'd her sable Steeds to make way for the approach of Day : who rushing on the drouzy God, drove him reluctant to his dreary Cave, and open'd those Eyes, that, in return, made him more resplendent with their Lustre.

THE hour for the Ladies to rise in being come, inform'd *Urania* that she might see *Belisa* : She pass'd into her Apartment with *Felicia*, and having renew'd their mutual Protestations of the sincere Friendship they had for each other, she reminded her of the Impatience which, by her own, she imagin'd her agreeable Company were in to know the Adventures of *Fatyma* ; which that obliging Lady being willing to gratify, accompany'd her with *Julia* and *Felicia* into the Hall, where they found all the other Guests already  
up,

up, and waiting their Approach. The usual Civilities of the Bonjour being over,—*Belisa* taking a Paper out of her Pocket prevented the Intreaties they were about to make her, by telling them, she thought it now a fit opportunity to let 'em know that part of *Fatyma's* Misfortunes, which they were yet unacquainted with: I have here (*said she*) that Account of her Life which was written with her own hand, and at her Death communicated to *Orfames*——it is this. In speaking these words she open'd it, and read as follows.



*The Secret History and Misfortunes  
of Fatyma.*

I WAS born in *Fez*, one of those few Kingdoms who have maintain'd their Liberty from being enslav'd by the o'erpowering Pride of *Europe*. My Father was Brother and presumptive Heir of the Crown, for the then reigning Monarch was without Children, and of an Age when none could be expected.—They liv'd together in a perfect Amity, and free from all those Jealousies and Fears which too often are the portion of the Great.—My Father and my Uncle being such as I have describ'd 'em, 'tis not to be doubted but that I was bred up in the highest Expectations. Our Palace was continually crowded with Ambassadors from foreign Courts, whose  
Princes

Princes fought the Alliance of our Family ; but a fatal Insensibility prevented me from being pleas'd with any of the Offers made me ; and I was too great a Favourite to have my Inclinations forc'd. In the midst of Royal Sollicitations, there was a Statesman, no otherwise ennobled than by the Favours the King had undeservedly conferr'd on him, had the arrogance to hope That from me, which I had refus'd to so many Sovereign Princes ; presuming, that the same Subtilties which had procured his Advancement in Fortune, would also prevail on me.

THIS *Yamazo* (for that was his Name) had the arrogance to tell me, that if I would consent to marry him privately, he would easily find means to oblige my Father and the King to approve my Choice ; but when I resented, as I ought, his Boldness, with the true Art of a Politician he vary'd the Meaning of his Words in such a manner, as I scarce knew what to make of them, and should have been greatly puzzled to have represented the Sense of what he said, if I had had a mind to it. It was however the Influence of my ill Stars which prevented me from complaining of his Presumption, which had I done in time, it might have depriv'd him of that share he had of the King's Confidence, and consequently sav'd us all from the Miseries we have been since involv'd in.

THAT Monster, still burning in a hopeless Passion for me, took measures for the Gratification of it, such as perhaps no Age yet ever parallel'd : By the most unsuspected Insinuations that Hell e'er taught, he infus'd



a mutual Jealousy between my Father and his Royal Brother ; and in a short time contriv'd it so, that they, before the dearest and most cordial Friends on Earth, grew the most inveterate Enemies. He persuaded the easy Nature of the credulous King, that my Father, impatient of Sovereignty, and growing uneasy in a long Expectance, resolv'd to mount the Throne by Force. To my Father he alledg'd, that the King, instigated by some false Friends, was made to believe he harbour'd treacherous Designs against him, which he resolv'd to circumvent, by having him privately destroy'd. To avoid which, he dissuaded him from coming to Court, always to keep a Guard about his Person, and a thousand other such like things, which were sufficient to confirm the other in the Truth of all he had suggested. He brought it to that height, that at length the King gave orders for his Imprisonment, hoping thereby to tame an Ambition, which he would rather have admonish'd than chastis'd : But before the Officers, who had the Command of seizing my Father, could reach our Palace, *Yamaxo* came, and with well counterfeited Zeal and Friendship, gave notice of the Danger, and advis'd him to make his escape. He did—and making no scruple of revealing to such a Friend as he believ'd *Yamaxo*, where he design'd to retire, by Letters they began a Conspiracy, in which were afterwards a great number of the Nobility engaged. Every thing being ripe for Execution, my Father now led indeed an Army into the Field, tho' not, as that detested Villain gave it out, to de-

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dethrone his Brother, but to vindicate himself, and oblige him to restore him to those Possessions which his Flight had forfeited.

THE King soon rais'd Forces to oppose him, *Yamaxo* was made the General, which gave him an opportunity of sometimes favouring one Party, sometimes another, to keep the Event of War doubtful on both sides; while still continuing to incense each by private Insinuations, prevented either from listening to any Terms of Accommodation—Numbers of unhappy Victims to this Wretch's base Designs fell in three Battels, in the last of which he distress'd my Father so much, that he was past hope of attempting another, when he receiv'd a Letter from *Yamaxo*, with an Offer of declaring himself his Adherent, and bringing to his Party all the Forces listed in his Name, if he in return would give him *Fatyma*. The Proposal seem'd too advantageous to be refus'd, and all my Tears and Reluctance was in vain. He sent him an Answer of Consent, and charg'd me to dissemble my Concern. Then came the Words of *Yamaxo* fresh into my Mind, that *he would find means to oblige him to approve him for a Son*. I told my Father of it, and my Opinion of his Proceedings, which was indeed a true one. But whether he look'd on it only as the Effect of my Hatred which had incited me to raise this Story, or whether it was only the Exigence of his Affairs that made him regardless of it, I know not; but he was deaf to all I urg'd, and began to prepare for the meeting of *Yamaxo*, and the solemnizing the intended Nuptials.

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THE Distraction of my Soul is not to be express'd ; but being always Mistress of an uncommon share of Courage and Resolution, I invented a Stratagem to deliver me from this most dreaded Evil, without considering what others I might meet with : I dress'd myself in one of my Page's Clothes, and having got the Watch-Word, made my escape thro' the Centinels at dead of night. But it happen'd not so well with me afterwards ; the Out-guards which were placed to watch the Counterescarp of the King's Army, seiz'd on me, who being unprepar'd of an Excuse, they took me for a Spy, and would not suffer me to go farther. I offer'd them Bribes sufficient to have corrupted Persons whom one would imagine less mercenary ; but they were either too honest, or too fearful, to accept them, and, in spite of all I could do, would carry me to *Yamaxo*. The terror I was in, that he should know me, I believe contributed to make him do so ; for I had neither the power to form any plausible Story for my coming to their Camp, nor to disguise my Voice in those Answers I was obliged to make him. In fine, he discover'd who I was immediately, and dismissing those who had brought me before him ; 'Tis well, my lovely Fugitive (*said he*) is this a Habit or an Hour in which a Maid of your Quality and Niceness should chuse to ramble ? Do these nocturnal Sallies become the Princess *Fatyma* ? Any thing becomes me better, (*reply'd I, with my usual Haughtiness to him*) than to be the Wife of so detested a Traitor as *Yamaxo* ; and tho' I find myself disappointed in my intended

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Flight,

Flight, be assur'd thou never shalt reap any Advantage by my Misfortune; not all my Father's Power, not all thy Subtilties, shall terrify, or persuade me to be thine; those who dare die, dare any thing. 'Tis true, (*said he*) and that methinks should put *Fatyma* in mind, that *Yamaxo*, who often has prov'd the little Fear he has of Death, may also prove, he fears not to make use of this Opportunity, which his good Stars have sent him, to gratify the Impatience of his Passion, without waiting a slow Consent, or the Formality of Ceremony. Yes, *Fatyma*, (*continu'd he, his Eyes blazing with lustful Fires*) I have you in my power, and will this Hour—this very Moment make use of it—And so will I, (*cry'd I, drawing a Dagger which I had conceal'd about me, in case any Accident should happen*) and plunged it in his Heart.—To Hell! (*said I*) and from the King of Furies receive the just Reward of all thy Treasons here. I struck the Blow with so much Force, that the Weapon was quite buried to the Hilt in his Bosom. He spoke not, but falling on the Couch to which he was dragging me, expir'd immediately.

I have often wonder'd since at the Presence of Mind which assisted me on this Occasion; I no sooner saw him dead, than I search'd his Pocket, and taking out his Seal, went directly out of the Tent, and telling those who kept it, that they must admit me Passage to the next Guard; on showing them the Signal, was easily suffer'd to go thro' them: nor was it strange I should, *Yamaxo* had been used so frequently to send private Dispatches in this manner to my Father, that they made

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no doubt but that I had brought, and was returning to him with some Intelligence. By this means did I pass safely thro' the Lines, but not daring to venture my Father's Indignation, till the first Gust of it was blown over, I went to a little Town on the Borders of *Fez*, designing to tarry there some time, till I should hear the Event of this War, and what was the Consequence of *Yamaxo's* Death. Alas! I was inform'd of the Particulars but too soon; my Father taking advantage of the Confusion the Troops were in, by the sudden Death of their General, fell on them immediately, and had indeed the better of them; but what avail'd it, when he himself, and his only Son, my Brother, fell in the Battel. After his Death, the Conspiracy was utterly dissolv'd, and his Papers being brought to the King, he by them discover'd the Means by which he had been drawn to form it, and took so violent a Grief at the knowledge, that he had been so much impos'd upon by the Treasons of *Yamaxo*, that, being of an Age not able to struggle with the Force of any extraordinary Emotions, he fell into a Disease, which in a few days put a period to his Life.

HE was no sooner expir'd, than a Nephew of *Yamaxo's*, having by his Death become Master of vast Possessions, and had the Army entirely at his Devotion, took the Crown, without any opposition. Some few there were who urg'd my Right; but the Uncertainty what was become of me, silenc'd their Arguments; besides, the Friends of *Yamaxo* had caus'd a Report to be spread abroad,

that I was the Mistress of his unlawful Love, and on some Jealousy had murder'd him ; for it was presently known, by the pursuit that my Father made for me, and the Description of the Habit in which I had made my escape, that it was I who stabb'd him. My Life was therefore proscribed, and vast Rewards offer'd to those who should take me. I was too sensible of the little Inclination the People of *Fez* have of being under the Government of a Woman, join'd to the Knowledge of the Number and Power of those who were Friends to the Tyrant in Possession, to expect any thing but Disappointments, if I should attempt to raise any Party against him : I therefore resolv'd to sit quiet, and being by the late Troubles weary'd with the Fatigues and Turmoils which attend Grandeur, was well enough contented to resign my share to those whose more robust Spirits were better able to support them.

I left the Place I was in, and keeping still my true Quality disguis'd, found means to be introduced to the Princess of *Morocco*. She receiv'd me into her Family, and I liv'd there for more than two Years with as much Tranquillity as my Misfortunes would permit me to enjoy, till the Prince, her Husband, seeing something in me, which he thought worthy an extraordinary regard, she grew jealous ; but being of a Disposition more cunning than passionate, conceal'd it, till she had an opportunity of getting me convey'd away in a Ship then ready to sail for *Mexico* with Slaves, of which number I was made one. When landed, I was expos'd to Sale among the rest ; it was my

my good Fortune which, after such variety of Evils, made *Rosimunda* think me worth her Purchase ; and with her it is that I desire to remain, till Heaven is pleas'd to put an end to my Misfortunes, by taking me to itself, and the Society of those who were so dear to me on Earth.

ALL the Company were extremely pleas'd with the Discovery of the Quality of her, who had declar'd herself the Lover of *Orsames*, and a great number of gallant things were said to him on the occasion ; after which, *Belisa* resum'd that Discourse which the Adventures of *Fatyma* had broke off. *Julia* growing every day better and better, said she, I dispatch'd a Messenger to *Arimont*, to desire him to come immediately to me, and bring with him the proper Persons to acknowledge *Orsames* ; he took post, and was soon follow'd by those who were to be the Witnesses : He appear'd so infinitely charm'd with him, that he took all the necessary steps to convince him, that he prefer'd the pleasure of finding such a Kinsman as he was, to any Estate he could have possess'd without him. We spent about a Week in settling the Affairs of *Orsames*, in which time *Julia* was perfectly recover'd, excepting a little Weakness. And as we had often talk'd to these accomplish'd Cavaliers of the Persons we most esteem'd, they begg'd to accompany me, to desire you, dear *Urania*, to partake of our Joy—I would have left *Julia* with *Philemena*, but she would not deprive her of the pleasure of coming to see you, nor separate  
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her from *Orfames*, who is uneasy to find himself a moment without her.—Their Marriage is to be concluded in a few days, and I beg you to honour the Ceremony with your engaging Company, and that of your Friends;—it will be solemniz'd at my Seat, to prevent the Crowd and Trouble of many Visitors.

*BELISA* having left off speaking, and receiv'd the Thanks of all present, *Urania* inform'd her of the Law they had impos'd on themselves during their stay in that place; and she found it so much to her taste, that she promis'd to submit to it with a great deal of pleasure. As it was one of those fine serene days which admit of walking, *Urania* propos'd taking a turn till Dinner; they agreed to it, and they all repair'd to the Terrass which commanded the River; after having admir'd the Prospect, the happy Situation of the House, and prais'd *Urania* for the easy and gallant manner with which she receiv'd her Company, every body seated themselves. I assure you, (*said Urania*) you allow me a merit which is wholly owing to yourselves; as I love and esteem you all infinitely, 'tis that animates my Actions: what comes from the Heart, is always accompany'd with an air of Ease, which cannot be disguis'd: my Temper is such, that if the Company were less agreeable to me, I should be less so to them; and tho' I would not be wanting in good manners, I should be under a certain Constraint which would disturb their Reception.

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'TIS true, (*said Felicia*) I have seen *Urania* on such an occasion, and she is not the same Person; she becomes as serious, and even something more so with Persons she does not love, as she is engaging and entertaining with those she does: and you may read in her *Face* almost every thing that passes in her *Heart*. A free and open Temper (*cry'd Orophanes*) is certainly a very great Charm, but still, methinks, there ought to be a little Policy blended with it; and tho' all the world does not please us, 'tis our Interest to endeavour to make ourselves agreeable to them. What you call Policy (*interrupted Camilla, with a gay Air*) is nothing but Diffimulation, and that is a fault I cannot pardon. You pronounce a little too hastily, amiable *Camilla* (*reply'd Thelamont*) there are occasions when Diffimulation is absolutely necessary; without it Kings could not support the weight of their Crowns, preserve or enlarge their Dominions, or determine the different Interests of their Allies or Enemies. *Lewis* the XIth was the greatest Politician, and the most spirituous Prince of his time; by Finesses where he ran no risque, he often did more hurt to his Enemies, than if he had led an Army into their Countries. Policy is of so great estimation among Potentates, that *Charles V.* always carry'd the Life of *Lewis XI.* in his Pocket in all his Voyages; and it is a Remark, that in the midst of a Court, the politest since the *Roman* Emperors, he every day allotted two hours to the reading it. *Henry VIII.* King of *England* did the same, but he unluckily only imitated the Cruelty of it.

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THAT's what I waited for (*cry'd Camilla*) you must agree with me that Cruelty is often the Child of Policy. I grant (*said Orophanes*) that Policy does sometimes lead Princes to Actions that are cruel, and that Diffimulation is a part of Policy; but it is also a necessary part of it to accomplish great Actions, and when Glory is the Aim, 'tis even a Virtue to know how to dissemble well: and I praise that Art on some occasions, as much as I blame it on others. To embrace one's Brother, and conceal one's Hatred, the better to get an opportunity for Revenge, as Nero did with *Britannicus*, is a criminal Diffimulation; as was the Action of *Artaxerxes* towards *Artaban*, who pretended his Armour hurt him, and desir'd that Warrior to change with him, which he did; but he had no sooner pull'd it off, than *Artaxerxes* plung'd a Poniard into his Breast. These are Pieces of Diffimulation, unworthy not only of the Royal Majesty, but of all Men of Honour, and which ought to be avoided as the Ruin of Glory and Reputation. *Lewis XI.* was once guilty of an Action, to which he was neither induc'd by Policy nor a necessary Diffimulation; which will show you, that when a Prince is cruel, he looks on his Subjects no otherwise than as Goods, which he may dispose of according to the Time, Place, or his own Caprice.

IN the Reign of that Monarch, the Custom of travelling to the *Holy Land* was very prevalent. The Prior of *St. Cosme*, near *Plaisir le Tours*, a Man of exemplary Piety, out of the Excess of his Devotion, determin'd to

go thither. He ask'd leave of the Court, obtain'd it, and setting forth, arriv'd safely at *Jerusalem*; but in his return was taken by the *Bulgarians*, and made a Slave. He continu'd twelve years in that unhappy Situation. The length of his Absence persuaded every body he was dead, and one of the King's Chaplains, believing the Priory vacant, begg'd it of him, who gave it without scruple. Accordingly, he took possession of it.

SOME Years after, the old Prior having regain'd his Liberty, return'd to *France*, oppress'd with Age and Misfortunes: His first Care was to repara to his Priory; but finding it was fill'd, went to the Court, which was then at *Plaisir-le-Tours*; his venerable Air, which a long Beard had render'd more commanding Respect, the Recital of the Woes he had endur'd, and the unhappy Condition he was in, inspir'd all, who saw or heard him, with Compassion.

THE King, to whom he presented himself, promis'd to restore him to his Benefice, or, in exchange, to give him some other as good; but that Prince, not making any haste in the Performance of what he had made him hope, the unhappy Prior incessantly importun'd him: The King, thinking he grew troublesome, and not very inclinable to grant his Request, one Night call'd for *Tristant* the Hermit, his Grand-Prevôt, and order'd him to rid him of the Prior of *St. Cosme*. *Tristant*, accusom'd to such Executions, thought of nothing but showing his Obedience, and, taking a Confessor with him, went the next Day to the Priory; where finding the present Prior at

Table with some of his Friends, he invited the Grand-Prevôt to sit down with them : but he, whose Orders were pressing, declar'd them in a pathetick manner. His Friends and he at first thought that *Tristant* was inclined only to divert himself; but he soon related the Command he had received in such a manner, as left no room for doubting the Truth of what he said. The poor Prior, finding there was no Remedy, settled his Affairs, and prepar'd himself for another World, as much as the short time he had allow'd him, would give leave. After which, *Tristant* order'd him to be put into a Sack, with a great Weight at the bottom of it, and thrown into the *Loyre*.

THE next Day he attended the King, with an assurance that he had perform'd his Duty, as to what he had commanded him concerning the Prior. The King seem'd satisfy'd. But a few Hours after, walking in the Palace-Garden, he perceiv'd the venerable old Prior of *St. Cosme* coming towards him : on which, turning towards *Tristant*; Wretch! (*said he*) have you impos'd on me? Your Life shall answer the Arrogance. *Tristant*, very much alarm'd, threw himself at his feet, affirming that he had punctually obey'd his Commands. But, (*said the King*) do you not see him before your eyes? (*pointing to the Prior.*) Sir, (*reply'd he*) the Mistake has only been occasion'd by your Majesty; you commanded me to rid you of the Prior of *St. Cosme*; I went to the Priory, and took him that was in Possession, and drown'd him: But it is easy to repair the Fault; I will make away



away with this also. No, (*said the King*) 'tis very well. Then turning to the Prior; Go, good Man (*said he to him*) and take possession of your Benefice, 'tis now vacant.

YOU see (*continu'd Orophanes*) of what little use to the State was the Death of this innocent Prior; and by this Instance must infer, that it was more a Cruelty of Disposition than Policy, which induced *Lewis XI.* to send him out of the World.

IT must be allow'd (*said Belifa*) that the Adventure of the Prior was somewhat extraordinary: But since our Conversation turns on the Actions of Princes, tho' it be different from the Subject, yet it may not be improper, if I relate to you a Sentence of *Charles V.* which, tho' on a Trifle, seems to me to be admirable. This Emperor, residing at *Brussels*, and holding there a magnificent Court, the greatest Princes in *Europe* adorning it, had banish'd all superfluous Ceremonies, that it might be as free as pompous. Two Ladies of distinguish'd Quality took it in their heads to interrupt this Liberty, by quarrelling for the Preheminence. The thing was carry'd to a great length, and *Charles* seeing that the Pleasures of the whole Court were interrupted by the Foible of those two Ladies, would himself be Judge in it; and setting a Day for determining this Affair, there was prepar'd for him a stately Throne, which he mounted, attended by all his Grandees, and heard the Council of the Parties, who were both present. The Cause was pleaded with Vigour on both sides; but the Emperor finding the Arguments pretty equal, and desiring to end

the Affair, without disobliging any one, gave Sentence, that the least wife of the two should have the Precedence, and so broke up the Assembly, with a general Applause of the Decision.

THIS was a very pretty turn, (*said Urania*) yet still it keeps us insensibly on Politicks. *Charles V.* shew'd his in this Determination, since too often the Quarrels of Women give Men occasion to take part in them; and a thing which is in reality of little consequence, many times becomes a State-Affair. *Charles's* Prudence prevented all the Accidents that might have happen'd. It did so, (*resumed Belisa*) and as each of the Ladies wish'd to appear the wisest, they found themselves both obliged to give way, or else to embrace that amiable Liberty the Emperor had establish'd; and the Men of each Party were forc'd to make a Jest of an Affair which might, by the indiscreet Pride of our Sex, have become very serious.

THELAMONT ought to be very well satisfy'd, (*cry'd Arimont*) with the Company's carrying Policy to such a degree of Necessity; for, if I mistake not, he has seem'd very vigorous in the Defence of it. And I am so far of his mind, (*said Orophanes*) that I think, without it, 'tis impossible for a Prince to govern well; and that without Study, and the Art of Policy, a King must certainly fall into great Errors. Doubtless, (*rejoin'd Thelamont*) a Prince born to hold the Reins of a Kingdom ought incessantly to apply himself to Study; History supplying him with various Examples of Wisdom, Prudence,

dence, Equity, Justice, and Policy, on which he must model his Actions, in order to make himself lov'd and fear'd.

BUT (*said* Arimont) can't Men regulate their Actions by their own Experience and Insight into Affairs, without the Assistance of Study? Must they be always ty'd down to follow Precedents? There are some who think they may, (*cry'd* Thelamont) but I can't bear that a Man of your Sense and Understanding should continue in that Error; and I assure you I shall spare no pains to convince you. Men may have in them the Seeds of Virtue, but without Study, and the Knowledge of things past, they cannot be ripen'd into Perfection. Kings, above all other Men, have need of the Example of former Potentates; 'tis a Light which guides their Actions all their Lives. If it be true, that there is an Art even in driving a Chariot, steering a Ship, building a House, or managing things of yet less Ingenuity; how much more must there be in the Administration of a Monarchick, or Republick State? He that would breed up a Hawk, ought to learn the Method; and infinitely more ought he, whose Province it is to govern Men, the most capricious, fantastick, and refractory of all Creatures, and who require the greatest Dexterity in managing? Used to Sovereignty over every other Specie of the Creation, with difficulty he submits to the Government of his Fellow-Creature—— Certainly, if nothing was necessary towards the subduing of a People, but Courage to attempt it, and making use of our own Notions; or, to speak like our new Hereticks in  
Policy,

Policy, to leave every thing to hazard, in vain have so many Historians, great Poets, Orators, and Philosophers, employ'd their Time, and broke their Rests, for the Instruction of Princes, Magistrates, and Ministers of State; yet, I believe, that every body will acknowledge, that Posterity has been infinitely obliged to them, and must look on their diviue Writings, as containing all the Maxims requisite to the Art of Ruling: For from them have the greatest Statesmen taken their Knowledge; 'tis by their Care that we every day lay before us the Examples of the *Egyptians, Persians, Athenians, and Romans.*

IF there was any ground for *Arimont's* Notions, what occasion have we to be inform'd of the Actions of those Princes, or Sovereigns, who have govern'd so many Nations? It would be also unnecessary for Posterity, to know what passes in our Age, were we not convinc'd, there is an Art in ruling well, which cannot be acquir'd, but by weighing things past, which History presents us with, as Mirrors and Guides in our Affairs, present and to come. Can there be so beautiful a Science as that which preserves Peace? A Science which, instead of being destroy'd by Time, is enrich'd, augmented, and brought nearer to Perfection. Every thing flourishes in the State where that is cultivated; and, where it is neglected, Ruin and Perdition are the unfailing Consequences. I very well know indeed, that notwithstanding the Use of Wisdom and Policy, it's very difficult for Princes and great Ministers to content every body. The Accidents which  
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daily arrive, and are impossible to be foreseen, the Envy of Cotemporaries, the Calumnies which are spread among the People, and the Care Malecontents always take to blacken the most innocent Actions, is, generally speaking, the reason. For it is as hard to please every body, as *Simonides* pleasantly said, as it is to fit a Garment to the *Moon*, that never continues a minute in the same shape. But what Glory then must it be for a Prince, or a Minister, who, despising those vile Creatures, always consults the Good of the State, every thing he undertakes is crown'd with Success, and he is respected by his Neighbours, and by his Subjects.

IT is certain (*said Orophanes*) that the Art of Policy must be acquir'd by Study and Experience; and that many may say with the Emperor *Commodus*, that they are born Kings and Princes, but no body can pretend to be endu'd, when born, with Policy, and the Art of Governing. Yet these new Doctors in Politicks, (*cry'd Arimont*) hold, that all Monarchies have their Beginnings, their appointed Time of Maturity, and their Periods, determin'd by *Fate*: So that all Politicks are unnecessary; and say, with *Licinius*, that too much Learning is the Ruin of Commonwealths; and that all Books ought to be forbid, as pernicious. That is a most condemnable piece of obstinate Ignorance indeed, (*interrupted Thelamont*) which precipitates a Nation into irretrievable Misfortunes: *Alexander* the Conqueror was of a very different opinion; he stile'd the *Iliad* of *Homer* a true Guide in military Affairs, and constantly lay  
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with that and his Sword under his Head. *Julius Caesar*, in his Expeditions, always carry'd a Library with him, which he constantly study'd, communicating the Remarks he made to his Generals, his Ministers, and those who govern'd the Provinces. These great Men did not think their own Wisdom sufficient to carry them thro' every thing. *Alexander* was wont to say, that he ow'd more to his Preceptor *Aristotle*, than to *Philip* of *Macedon*, his Father. That glorious King, whose Heart was so much bent on War, had a view to Fame in something he thought preferable to Arms, and modestly complain'd, in a Letter he wrote to *Aristotle*, that he was concern'd he should publish the Instructions he had bestow'd on him, because others might profit by them, as he had done; and he had much rather surpass Mankind in Learning, than in Power and Riches. *Demetrius* the *Phalerian* advis'd King *Ptolemy*, and all other Princes, to study Night and Day; and it was a saying of *Plato's*, that that Commonwealth was happy, whose Governour was a Philosopher.—In fine, Study enlightens the Understanding, and leads Men to a perfect Knowledge of themselves, which renders them more humane, and excites them more to Virtue. The Trophies of *Miltiades* rous'd up *Themistocles*; so have several Heroes been inspir'd by the Examples of those who have been before them; witness the *Scipio's*, the *Cato's*, the *Emilius's*, and the *Cæsars*. Learning begets Authority, Credit, and Respect among Men; and the Love of the whole World is the Fruit of a wise Behaviour. How can a Prince, whose

whose Rank places him so far above the Vulgar, be capable of guessing the Calamities his People may fall into, but by Study? How can he discover the secret Plots that are contrived to ensnare him? How can he preserve himself from the Flatteries his Ears are perpetually besieged with? Books have a greater Privilege than Men; they explain themselves with Freedom, and their Counsels and Reproaches are listened to without Anger; they serve as Antidotes to the Poison of Flattery, and may be consulted at all times, and on all occasions. Would you see what effect the Desire of Liberty has upon the Soul, what is the Consequence of a base Action, what Remorse follows Cruelty, and how inestimable a Virtue Clemency is; would you look into the Vicissitudes of Fortune, and how liable to Change is the Condition of the most Powerful present, History shows it all without disguise: 'Tis the Theatre where the whole World is represented; we here find every thing we want; we view Tempests and Shipwrecks without Terror; Battles and Sieges, without Danger; the Customs and Manners of all Nations without Expence; and 'tis here we may find the Beginnings and Endings, the Flourishing and Decay of Empires. I submit, (*said* Arimont) and I find your Reasons so just and well-grounded, that I now blame those who will have it to be, as I endeavour'd to maintain, that Experience alone was sufficient. But I can't repent having been the occasion of a Discourse, the Beauties of which I am so charm'd with: and I believe they are not a few, who have taken the liberty to con-

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tradict *Thelamont*, on purpose to give him an opportunity of answering them. I must own, (*added Belisa*) that he has maintain'd his Opinion with such admirable Learning and Eloquence, as very well demonstrates the Advantages of Literature, which has aided him in so agreeable a Conversation. *Thelamont* answered with modesty to the Praises he had so well deserv'd; and, that he might put a stop to them, made the Company take notice that 'twas Dinner-time: They got up, and walking towards the House, found every thing was ready to be serv'd to Table. Mirth, a mutual Love and Confidence, and a noble Frankness animating this amiable Society, one may say their Pleasures were compleat.

AFTER Dinner was over, *Belisa* would make every one submit to the Law which had been made, and desired them to follow her to the Library. They consented; and having in the same manner as the Day before, seated themselves, and taken up Books, nothing was heard but the rustle of turning over Leaves: *Belisa* was the first that broke silence; I have happened (*said she*) on the Instructions which *Bussy* gives his Son, which puts me in mind of what *Philemena* has wrote to *Julia*; 'tis a Piece worth your Attention, and will let you see the Humour and Understanding of that amiable Woman. At these words the Company begg'd she would not defer the Pleasure they propos'd to themselves in hearing it. As I desire\* (*said Julia*) never to stray from the Rules *Philemena* has set me, I always carry them about me, so can easily satisfy your Curiosity: In speaking this, she presented



presented to *Urania* a little Book in Manuscript; who taking it with a Grace peculiar to herself, and perceiving her Friends disposing themselves to give attention, began to read :

*General Instructions of a Mother to a Daughter, for her Conduct in Life.*

**I**N the Plan of your Education, my dear *Julia*, I have consulted your Glory more than my own, and shall be compleatly happy to see you perfect without any Vanity, in having doubly form'd you, by Blood, and Precepts: The only Pleasure I propose to myself, is seeing you follow them, which your Docility in listening to them flatters me you will do. I give you my Instructions in writing, that in what Place or Condition soever you are, they may be always present with you; and that when Death deprives you of me, it may not at the same time rob you of that which may be more useful to you than myself. A Custom wisely introduced into the World, having made me trust your bringing up to Persons who are, by being shut in a Cloyster, secur'd from all worldly Troubles, will therefore prevent two things equally unhappy; either too great an Inclination for a monastick Life, or too violent an Abhorrence of it: Be upon your guard, my dearest *Julia*, against both. Youth, always fond of Novelty, often surrenders itself without consulting Reason. The Tranquillity of a Monastick Life, the inticing Discourses of those whose only aim is to make you embrace the Vows

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they are already bound by, makes me apprehend your adding to the number of so many young Creatures, who are by an inaccessible Grate often render'd more wretched than those whose Morals have been corrupted by the World. When Remorse assaults one in the Cloyster, one must be very particularly endow'd with Grace to find any Remedy, since the only ones that can be apply'd, are the very Causes of our Affliction; as Retirement, Prayer, and a regular, and a religious Life. One is then apt to paint the World in such lively and beautiful Colours, that one burns with an Impatience to be in it, and cannot forbear lamenting the Impossibility there is of ever doing it. How will the Mind in such a case be rack'd with ten thousand torturing Idea's! One thinks those very things fill'd with Charms, which are in reality Subjects only of Sorrow and Vexation; Vice appears dress'd in the shape of Virtue, and without sinning in the *Practick* Part, one does so doubly in the *Theorick*.

WHEN a Person has liv'd in the World, and has had the misfortune to give into some of the little Follies of it, the Remorse of an irregular Conduct, and the Disgust of a Life fill'd with Intrigue; every thing appears in its proper Colours, and one looks on Retirement as the most Sovereign Blessing. We ought therefore to know ourselves thoroughly before we enter into such a Life. But perhaps you'll say, Must we then plunge ourselves into Vice, that our Return to Virtue may be with the more Vigour? No, that is not what I mean, but I would have you be  
witness

witnefs of the Failings of others, without erring yourfelf, that ill Examples may ferve as a Prefervative to your Difcretion; and that, comparing the Troubles, Noife, Hurry, and Confufion, and an interefted and intriguing World, with the ferene Comforts of Retirement, you may confult your Heart in the Choice, and then embrace that to which you are moft inclined. One may live as regularly in the World as in a Cloyfter, and perhaps better; a generous Mind, when it has the power of doing evil, will rather avoid it, than when it is under a constraint.

THE Charms with which Heaven has bleft you, while they delight my Eye, make me tremble for you hereafter. Beauty has been often the Rock on which Virtue has fplit, when care has not been taken to enrich the Mind with Meafures which may defend it in all the various Changes of Life. A fplendid Fortune is ever attended by Luxury, whose Companion is Coquetry. The Adoration of the Men, and the perpetual Flatteries one meets with from them, are often too pleafing to our Vanity; and, by liftening to a number, the Heart is uncertain in its Determination, and one infenfibly gives up to a *Croud* that Reputation we fear to truft with one *single* Perfon, and which ought to be dearer to one than one's Life. Poverty, Misfortunes, and a Life embitter'd by eternal Vexations, is no lefs fatal to Virtue; fuch a Woman is apt to make ufe of her Beauty to fubdue her Enemies—to procure her Friends in time of need: She meets, 'tis probable, with dangerous Confolers, and her Honour is the  
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Sacrifice to Gratitude. To prevent these Accidents, Wisdom is the only means; but endeavour to be *wise* without *Affectation*; Wisdom does not require so much *outward Show*, as *inward Severity*. Be *prudent*, without being a *Prude*: Let your *Modesty* be accompany'd with *Gaiety*, and your *Reserve* with *Good-Nature*: Apply yourself to learn what will embellish your *Mind*, but let not *Vanity* attend your *Knowledge*: Let your *Philosophy* be *Christian*: Be *affable* and *obliging* to all, *intimate* but with a *few*. *Pity* the Misfortunes you are in no prospect of *feeling*: Behave without too much *Submission* to your *Equals*, and without *Pride* to your *Inferiors*: Comfort the *Distressed* of all *Conditions*: Do nothing but what is *praise-worthy*, without aiming at *Praise*; the *Ostentation* of a good *Action* often eclipses the *Glory* which it would otherwise deserve. If *Fate* allots you to a happy *Marriage*, make the *Blessing* permanent by *Love*, *Virtue*, and a generous *Confidence*. If, on the contrary, you are unfortunately so, and your *Mind* torn and distracted with the *Agonies* of domestick *Jars*, look out for *Friends* who have a greater regard for your *Virtue* than your *Beauty*; and if by that means you get no relief, seek it from him who alone can extricate us out of the deepest *Distress*. If you love your *Husband* passionately, and he but ill returns your *Tenderness*, let *Mildness*, *Complaisance*, and a blameless *Conduct* be the only *Arms* wherewith you combat his ill *Humour*; *Jealousy*, *Sullenness*, or a peevish *Melancholy* will never regain a *Heart* liable to wandering. If the *Match* is disproportion'd,  
and



and he happens to be very agreeable in his Humour, but the contrary in his Person, never cease endeavouring to conquer your Dislike, and remember the Beauties of the Mind are by far the most preferable.—If you chance to be equally indifferent to each other, let not that draw you into any Irregularities, shun the Opportunities of finding in another the Charms that are wanting in your Husband, and let the Force of Duty supply the Defects of Fondness.

"TIS in such Circumstances as these that 'tis difficult to preserve one's Virtue, but then 'tis, at these times, that it is most requisite, and appears with greater Lustre. A Woman perfectly happy, who is not wanting in her Duty, is *esteemed* without being *praised*, because having no Complaint, she has no Pretence for doing otherwise; but a Woman that is *unfortunate*, and yet *wise*, seems to exceed even Expectation. The Virgin, or the Widow-State also seems to me as much, or more expos'd to danger; a young Woman that is left without Father or Mother, and entirely Mistress of her Actions, can't be too circumspect in them.—She takes no step that does not endanger her Reputation; if she keeps a great deal of Company, she passes for a Coquette; if she confines herself to a few select Friends, she then has some secret Intrigue; in short, every body passes their Judgments on her with less Charity, because they know she has nobody to be responsible for her Conduct. 'Tis then I advise Retirement, but without entering into religious Orders.—If you should marry,  
and

and your Husband die, take care not to imitate those Women, who thinking, because they have nobody to whom they are oblig'd to be accountable for what they do, they may with Safety abandon themselves to an irregular Conduct, believing that, under the Umbrage of their *Grape*, they may conceal the loose Inclinations of their *Hearts*. A Widow ought to be more nice in her Behaviour than either a Wife or a Maid : The State she has past through, should make her observe a greater Decorum, since she ought to resume the Modesty and Innocence of a Maid, with the Knowledge of a Wife ; Wisdom must be her inseparable Guide, or she will be liable to Censure : if she can, therefore, be disengaged from the Cares of a Family, and the Affairs which are capable of retaining her in the World, the best thing she can do, is to retire herself from it : She knows all the Deficiencies of it, the Injustice, the Cruelty, and the Afflictions of it ; the Pleasures she has enjoy'd not having recompens'd the Pains, a Cloyster is for her a safe and sure Asylum. Ah ! how acceptable to Heaven is such a Sacrifice ? Religion meets with no opposition in her Soul, free and detach'd from the things of this World, all would otherwise seem Constraint, is now Joy and Comfort. Let none but these, and Maids of a mature Age, who have had time to reflect on the Life they are entering into, pretend to embrace holy Orders ; let there be no forc'd Calls, no Victims of Family and Interest. 'Tis not but that Grace may operate in young People, but such sort of *Holocausts* are scarce ; and, among the

the great Number of *Nuns*, those that are content are by much the smallest part.

THUS, my dearest *Julia*, have I led you thro' the different Stages of human Life, and hope, when you read this, you'll rather think it came from a Friend, whose Tendernefs endeavour'd to make you perfect, than from a Mother grown severe by Age; and do not enquire whether she who gave you these Lessons observ'd 'em herself, only think that she who could give 'em was *capable* of following 'em; others Faults do not lessen ours, but ought to serve as Examples to deter us from 'em. I flatter myself, from the Observations I have made on your Temper, that this Abridgment of your Conduct may be serviceable to you in all the Instances of your Life, on which I beseech the Divine Being to pour his Holy Blessings.

WHEN *Urania* had done reading, This (*said* *Thelamont*) is an amiable manner of instructing; there runs thro' the whole Work a certain Tendernefs and Gentleness, which very much adds to the Value of it. As for me (*said* *Orfames*) it shall be so much my care to render *Julia* happy in a marry'd State, that I hope she will have no occasion for the Lessons which relate to an unfortunate Match. I own (*added* *Florinda*) that this is a much better Method of teaching Youth than Severity; the Soul readily inclines to Virtue, when it's pointed out with Delicacy. I am charm'd with it (*cry'd* *Camilla*) for I can't bear the Measures some Parents take in the Education of their Children, who strive by dint of Blows and harsh Expressions to

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fright 'em into Virtue. That is the reason, (*said* Arimont) that we see numbers of Men and Women, as soon as they are free from the paternal Yoke, give themselves blindly up to their Passions; their Lessons of Honour and Wisdom being given 'em with severity, they are no sooner at liberty than they misapply 'em, and instead of the Admonitions, only remember the Ill-nature of those who gave 'em. This puts me in mind (*resum'd* Thelamont) of a Story that *Montaigne* relates upon the Subject of Childrens Education: he blames, as much as we, the too great Severity of Parents, who seek rather to be feared than loved, retrenching even the tender Names that Nature gives 'em, the Son calling his Father *Sir*, and his Mother *Madam*; on which he tells us, that a Person of Distinction, a Friend of his, who had lost his only Son, a Youth of great hopes in the Army, in discoursing with him on the Affliction such a loss must be, said, My greatest Grief is the having brought up my Son with so much Severity, that it hid from him the Tendernefs I had for him, and that he died with the Idea of my loving him but slenderly: this must have been a very cutting regret, (*added* Thelamont) and is a good Lesson for Fathers. *Montaigne* on this makes Reflections, which we are apt to make as well as he, but I wish we would not confine 'em only to Reasoning, but put 'em in practice also. This Example (*said* Orophanes) is not only applicable to Fathers, but to all Mankind in general, who seldom understand the Value of Things till they possess them no longer. A  
 Father,



Father, a Son, a Friend, a great Monarch, a Hero, are never so much respected, loved, or valued, during their Life-time, as after their Death: the Sorrow for the loss of 'em has this in particular, that it brings to mind those Actions which their being alive had made to be forgot. 'Tis a certain truth indeed (*rejoin'd Belisa*;) the *Romans* never knew the Value of *Coriolanus*, till they had banish'd him, and the *Volscians*, who had been so often defeated by him, had made him their General, and under his Conduct drawn Victory to their side. What a prodigious Alteration in the *Roman* Affairs was occasion'd by the Death of *Quintus Fabius*?—Did not that of *Marcellus* hinder the City of *Locri* from being taken?—*Scipio* had no sooner lost his Life, than the *Carthaginians* thought themselves Conquerors, and the *Romans* overcome; and so it would have happen'd (*reply'd Orsames*) had it not been for the Prudence of *Publius Volumnius*, who seeing the Consul *Valerius* fall dead, cover'd him himself, and concealed his Loss so well, that the Army knew nothing of it till the Battel was over. The very Presence of *Camillus* terrified the Enemy, and he was always attended with Victory. The Reputation of *Alexander* was so spread, that he was known in the most distant Countries, every body thought it an honour to obey him, and despis'd all other Leaders.

THIS Conversation having lasted till the hour for walking, the Company repair'd to the River-side. The Conversation for some time turn'd on indifferent things, but at length falling on *Poetry*; the agreeable *Felicia* said

she would entertain *Belisa* with a Piece that had never been seen, and which she believ'd would please her. They all desir'd her to read it, which she did with a becoming Air, and Softness in her Voice.

## OLYMPIA in Despair:

### An Irregular ODE.

**W**EARY, detesting all Society,  
 Since shunn'd by him I only wish to see,  
 I fly the chearless sight of Human Kind,  
 Seek Solitude befitting my sad Mind :  
 Where unalarm'd and free  
 From Insults and from Flattery,  
 Sense, in a Lethargy of Thought,  
 Might be dissolv'd, Timolion forgot,  
 And future Time glide on, unfelt, in blest Stupidity.  
 But when to unfrequented Wilds I run,  
 Or hide me in some day-defying Gloom,  
 Where the bright Lamp of Heaven ne'er shone,  
 And Night seems ever but begun !  
 Cruel Remembrance persecutes me still,  
 And disappoints my Will ;  
 Shows what I was, with what I'm now become,  
 And racks my Brain with curs'd Comparison.

What shall I do ? alas ! I strive in vain ;  
 Long-lost Repose I never must regain :  
 Where-e'er I go, Timolion is there !  
 Even Darknefs cannot hide him from my Sight,  
 His fatal Beams dart through the Vail of Night,  
 To my Soul's Eye his Glories all appear,  
 And

*And wake Reflection with too glaring Light !  
The sleeping Passions at the quickning Blaze,  
Start to new Life, and hostile Vigour gain.*

*All Foes alike to Reason's sway,  
Each his whole Force displays  
To torture or betray,  
With Shows of Pleasure, or with real Pain.  
Hope, flatt'ring Parasite, is always near,  
Oppos'd to him, stands Tyrant Fear,  
Both have enough to say, and both by turns engross  
(my Ear.*

*Long they struggle, but in vain,  
Despotick Rule to gain.  
Their Strength is equal, my divided Soul  
Yields now to this, and then to that's Controul ;  
And whilst of neither dispossess,  
Both with convulsive Fury rend my bleeding  
(Breast.  
Thought warring against Thought, like meeting  
(Tides,  
Dash o'er each other with tumultuous Force,  
O'erwhelming all within their rapid Course,  
All rage at once, all conquer, and yet none subsides.  
My Mind a Chaos of Confusion seems,  
Doubt-kill'd Expectance, soon as born, expires,  
Ten thousand Horrors the short Joy succeed,  
And each new Thought does a new Fury breed ;  
Wild and abortive Schemes !  
Despair-check'd Wishes, and untam'd Desires,  
Numberless, nameless, Contradictions rise,  
Driving, in Storms, my scatter'd Sense about ;  
Determination, her sought Aid denies,  
And Madness reigns throughout !  
So, when o'er Buildings fir'd, a Whirlwind rides,  
And every way, th' excentrick Flame divides,  
Some,*

*Some, snatch'd aloft in blazing Volumes fly,  
 And paint with dreadful Radiance all the Sky;  
 While others downward hurl'd,  
 At first, devour the humble Dust, and crawl along  
 (the ground,  
 Till at their Lot enrage'd, they gather round,  
 And spread vast Ruin thro' th' affrighted World.*

I would fain be acquainted with *Olympia*, (*said Julia*) these Verses give me a very great esteem for her. She very well deserves to be esteem'd, (*reply'd Felicia*) and her Adventures would be extremely worthy your Attention; but I am engaged to Secrecy for some time. In speaking these words, by chance she cast her eyes on *Arimont*, and found him so much alter'd; that she asked him aloud; if he were not well; which made all the Company observe him with concern: 'Tis nothing, (*said he to them, with extreme Sorrow*) the Name of *Olympia*, and the Repetition of those Verses, has reminded me of a very great Misfortune; but I beg you will give me leave to imitate the Discretion which she has enjoin'd *Felicia*, and ask me no questions.

THIS Discourse made that Lady thoughtful for some moments, and partly discovering the Mystery she had been let into but imperfectly, repented her having mention'd *Olympia* before him; but, to interrupt a Conversation which was becoming serious, we must lay no constraint upon our Friends, (*said she*) and, without pressing *Arimont* on a Subject which is painful to him, I hope he will excuse our Care for him, since it proceeds from our Esteem. I should be glad if *Florinda* and  
*Camilla,*



( III )

*Camilla*, (*continu'd she, turning to them*) would tell us their History, and the beginning of that agreeable Friendship that unites them. With all my heart, (*said Camilla, laughing*) pray attend; for I am going to begin: We are the Daughters of two Sisters, and consequently Cousin Germans; we were brought up together, and left Mistresses of ourselves very young. *Sympathy*, in concert with *Nature*, has united our Hearts; our Fortunes are in common; we live together without *Envy* or *Ambition*, but especially without that Passion which is call'd *Love*; by this you may guess we have not many Adventures to tell you. The Company laugh'd heartily at *Camilla's* gay Humour. Truly, (*said Orophanes*) if every body liv'd so, *Orsames* and *Julia* would not have so much engross'd our Attention. *Camilla* can't impose upon me, (*cry'd Urania*) whatever she says; I have sometimes seen her Gaiety changed into a Thoughtfulness, and *Florinda's* Gravity has frequently seem'd to me to be mix'd with a soft compos'd Joy, that sufficiently denoted the Situation of her Heart. Don't deceive yourself, beautiful *Urania* (*answer'd Camilla briskly*) 'tis for the Convenience of our Friends we are so; and, that we may not be both alike tiresome, when *Florinda* jests, I grow serious; and when I follow the Vivacity of my Temper, she becomes grave: and, by this Alteration, we find the Secret of not growing tedious to those we would oblige. Every body prais'd *Camilla's* agreeable Turn. It must be allow'd, (*said Orophanes*) that Wit is an Ingredient very necessary for Conversation. He that is  
blest

blest with it, is never tiresome to himself nor Company. There are so many sorts of Wits, (*reply'd Florinda*) that one can't engage not to be weary'd with some of them. 'Tis true, (*said Julia*) and one ought to be assur'd one is possess'd of the only true sort, before one can think one's self agreeable. And yet, (*cry'd Belisa*) there are some who have a vast deal, and are yet disagreeable. I know some Persons of most profound Learning and great Knowledge, with whom I can't so much as amuse myself; and I have some Friends of not near so sublime an Understanding, whose Conversation charms me, because perhaps their Wit is nearer my reach, and that I have not Capacity enough to comprehend the others. That's very modest, (*said Urania*) but when one is as knowing as you are, every thing is in one's reach. I have a Work upon the Subject, which may decide the Question; 'tis writ by a Friend of mine, address'd to another: this is it, (*said she*) pulling out a little Book.

*A Dissertation upon Wit.*

CALLING to mind the Conversation that you and I had together one day, the Humour took me to put down in writing what I had said to you, in opposition to your Excess of Modesty, in which you seem'd to me to surpass yourself: you maintain'd, in chosen Terms, and with Expressions full of *Wit*, that you had no Wit. It seem'd to me a pleasant thing, to see you make use of the greatest Learning, accompany'd with all the Graces of Elo-

Eloquence, the most beautiful Supporters of Wit, to prove to me your want of Wit ; this makes me speak to you now, as if I did not want it, and endeavour to define it : So much boldness does your too great Modesty enforce me to commit.

IN my opinion, there are three sorts of Men of Wit ; the Man of Learning, the Pedant, and the natural Genius that is cultivated ; the Scholar is seldom so *agreeable* as he is *useful* : as his Genius, shut up in a Study, comes out of it with pain, always retaining the Gloominess of that Place which has been the Scene of his producing, perhaps, a great many beautiful things, yet hinders him from saying them in common Conversation ; being too full of what he has done, or too much taken up with what he is going to compose, he seldom gets out of his Enthusiasm ; and finding every thing beneath his own Thoughts, he's always serious and reserv'd : I sooner therefore chuse to read his Book than hear him speak.

THE *Pedant*, puffed up with having pass'd through all the Degrees of the College, can scarce speak to any one that does not understand *Greek* and *Latin* ; he makes it a rule, always to particularize himself by some Opinion, which he maintains with violence : this makes his Learning tedious and fatiguing, and his Company is shunn'd by all Persons of less Knowledge, and more Sense.

THE *true Wit* seems to me to be the natural Genius cultivated, who has neither the Ill-Nature of the *Scholar*, nor the Dogmatism of the *Pedant* ; a Man, whose Educa-

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tion has been carry'd far enough to give him an insight into the Sciences, who is well read, and bleis'd with a happy Memory, and with these has seen the World, as we call it; this Man has more Wit than the *Scholar*, and more Learning than the *Pedant*: he joins to the beautiful Sprightliness of Conversation, a Solidity of Judgment. Let the Conversation turn on History, or Fable, or Philosophy; his *Memory* lays before him every thing he has read, his *Judgment* makes him quote it *à propos*, his *Vivacity* makes him tell it agreeably, and the Happiness of his *Genius* inspires him with Delicacy, and a Taste. He *understands* all Arts, without *practising* them; he talks *wisely*, yet *agreeably*; being well vers'd in the Authors, his Judgment on them is sound, and his Remarks just: without making *Verses*, he understands *Poetry*; and, without writing Books, he knows which of them is good, which is bad. For a Proof of my Assertion, don't we every day see the *Historian* and the *Poet* leave to the Man of *Wit's* Determination, whether their Book or Poem be worth any thing or no; for the World has more Men of *Wit* in it than true *Scholars*.

THE Man of *Learning* knows the Man of *Wit*, and the *Wit* sees the Faults of the *Scholar*. Must we have a fine Voice, before we can judge of *Musick*? Why not as well *Wit* without *Scholarship*? It would be a great Misfortune on *Nature*, if it must always have the Embellishments of *Art* to make it passable. We cultivate the Earth, to make it produce with more ease; but we don't load it with things, to force it to be fruitful: we don't dis-

regard



regard the Field that affords us but one Crop in the Year, because we know others that do twice as much. The *Scholar*, without Experience, or having seen the World, is like a Field that owes its Fertility to its having been till'd and dung'd, which, notwithstanding the Labours of the Husbandman, soon returns to its native Barrenness: Such are the *Wits* that are full of logical Arguments, they consume themselves in deep Reasonings, where there is in reality but little Reason, and only a *superficial Wit*. The *Scholar* thinks Learning sufficient to render him witty, therefore neglects what might truly make him so. On the contrary, the Man of *Wit* thinks he has none, because he wants *Scholarship*; therefore, in order to repair this imagin'd Defect, he endeavours in every thing to enrich the Gifts he has receiv'd from Nature: This Application often places him above the *Scholar*, always puts him on a footing with him. *Women* could not be said to have *Wit*, if there was no enjoying that without *Learning*; for, generally speaking, they are not *Scholars*, yet are endow'd with a Delicacy of Expression, and a Facility in writing well. These Gifts of Nature raise them to such a pitch, that the brightest Men of Learning often esteem their Decisions well enough to refer to them. 'Tis therefore not necessary to be a *Grecian*, a *Latinist*, *Physician*, *Metaphysician*, *Rhetorician*, or in short a finish'd *Philosopher*, in order to be a *Wit*.

ONE may spend whole Days with pleasure in the Company of a Man whose natural *Genius* has been cultivated and improv'd, and

but a very small time with one whose Learning is intirely infus'd into him. One's Imagination can't be always on the stretch to such exalted Objects; it must stoop to rest itself, and return to its native Simplicity. 'Tis the Center of its Repose.

IN short, there are so many things requisite towards maintaining the Title of a *Scholar*, that when I'm splenetick, I even prefer *Ignorance* to it; and I maintain, that he who has a natural and improv'd *Genius*, such as I have described, surpasses the *Scholar* and the *Pedant* in every thing, and has more *Wit*.

WHEN *Urania* had done reading, the Company thank'd her for having communicated it to them, and thought it was well written. *Orophanes*, who had, with an outward Appearance of Reserve, a very amiable Temper, finding that the Conversation still continu'd serious, endeavour'd to enliven it. I am very much afraid (*said he*) that *Felicia* won't allow me to have any *Wit* now; the Work I've just heard read, makes me tremble: and if, in order to please, one must have such a *Wit* as that describes, I'm an undone Man. There are so many different Ways of pleasing, (*reply'd Urania*) that your *Wit* may easily find one of them: I don't see you have such great Reasons for your Apprehensions. You flatter me agreeably, Madam, (*answer'd he*) but I would fain know, for my satisfaction, if charming *Felicia* finds any little matter that's pleasing in my *Wit*. I shall take care (*said she, laughing*) not to explain myself on that Head; for if I say your  
*Wit*

*Wit* does not please me, you'll be chagreen'd at it; and if I tell you it does, you will make an Advantage of it, that I am not willing to let you. That's as much as to say, (*answer'd Orophanes*) that you treat my *Wit* as you do my *Heart*; you let my Fate be always undetermin'd. Dear *Thelamont*, (*contin'd he, turning to him*) I beg you to take *Felicia* apart, and find out what she thinks of my *Wit*.

*THELAMONT* smiled at his Friend's Request; this is a pleasant piece of Inquisitiveness, (*said he* :) Can you make any question about what *Felicia* thinks on that Article? She has too much *Wit* herself, not to know the full Extent of the Merit of your's. That is not enough (*answer'd he*) I would have her tell me herself, and then I could judge whether my *Person* might not beg the Protection of my *Wit*, if I were sure that had the happiness of pleasing her. The Expression very much diverted the Company, and *Felicia* was forc'd to own, that he had all the *Wit* requisite towards making him perfectly amiable.

I would fain be learned, (*said Florinda*) for I think nothing is so great a pleasure as to excel others in Knowledge. 'Tis a very praise-worthy Ambition, (*said Thelamont*) for Learning has been always respected and rever'd by the greatest Men. *Pliny* tells us, that a certain Man came from *Cales* to *Rome*, on purpose to see *Titus Livy*, which he would not have done to have seen *Augustus Caesar*, who ruled the whole World; nor even to have view'd *Rome*, which was then the Metropolis and

and Magazine of the Universe.—*Cato*, after having led the *Roman* Armies, set himself about writing on the military Art, saying, that the Valour of a Man could but be useful to the Commonwealth for a little time, but that the Counsels he should leave in writing would be so always. Which made *Cicero* say (*added Orsames*) that he esteem'd *Solon* as much as *Themistocles*, his Victory having been serviceable but once, but that the good Instructions that *Solon* had left behind him, would be eternally useful. 'Tis true (*said Orophanes*) one can't too much prize good Counsel, 'tis the thing in the World the most necessary both for Princes and private Men.—*Conon* the *Athenian* being General of the King of *Persia's* Army, found all his Designs disappointed and traversed by the great Men at home, who, jealous of his Glory, made him want not only Money, but even the most necessary Requisites for the execution of his Projects; he made several Complaints, but his Enemies prevented their reaching the King's ear. He was oblig'd to send a Man in whom he could confide, who having the good fortune to gain admission to the very Throne, he so well set forth the necessity of the Army, and the despair of the General, that the King, unknown to his Ministers, wrote him word with his own hand, that he had nothing to do but to advise him how to remedy these Misfortunes. *Conon* answer'd him, that he must put the Administration of his *Finances* into one body's hands, and to let him be Master of the Treasure of the Army. The King gave immediate Orders that it should be so. Then

*Conon,*



*Conon*, Disposer of the Money and Army, enter'd into the Enemy's Country, ravag'd it, took their Cities, making great numbers of slaves, and return'd to Court, loaded with the Honours that were due to his Victories, with the glorious Title that the King gave him, of a great *Captain* and a wise *Counselor*.—

THIS puts me in mind (*said Urania*) of the Answer that was made by a certain *Persian* General, who being ask'd, why his Enterprizes were so unfortunate, tho' his Discourses were so prudent, and his Measures so well taken, reply'd, that he alone was Master of his Thoughts and Words, but that *Fortune*, the King, and the Army were of the Execution. This Answer was very just, (*said Orophanes*) and the more so, because Jealousy and private Interest are often more regarded than the publick Good. Hence comes the false Maxim of most of those who are in power, never to advance those in whom they see the Talents and Virtues capable of making them surpass, or come up to themselves, even tho' the State wants them. This is indeed a general Rule among Politicians, (*reply'd Arimont*) yet a neighbouring Island does at present afford us a very noble Instance of an Exception to it. " There the great "  
*Publicius Severinus* being at the head of Affairs, Merit and a Capacity is a certain Introduction to Preferment. With pleasure he embraces any opportunity of promoting the Man that is most likely to be serviceable to his Country, no little Jealousies or private Interests sway his Actions, but, like  
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“ the Dew of Heaven, his Favour lights most  
 “ on the most conspicuous, being indeed born  
 “ with all the Talents requisite for the forming  
 “ a compleat Statesman ; and having improved  
 “ and perfected them by his Learning, and great  
 “ Knowledge in Mankind, he need not fear the being  
 “ excell’d, or even equal’d ; but yet few, that had  
 “ not his Generosity of Soul, would have shar’d  
 “ his Power with, and admitted as Partner into  
 “ the Management of the *Finances*, a Man such as  
 “ *Lucius Hispanicus*, whose Abilities were so well  
 “ known to him, and who had establish’d so  
 “ shining a Reputation for his profound Skill  
 “ in the Management of publick Affairs, by  
 “ his Conduct, when some years ago he bore  
 “ a publick Character in a certain foreign Court ;  
 “ these Perfections, I say, would have render’d  
 “ him a Competitor to have been dreaded by any  
 “ other than *Severinus*.”

BESIDES this (*said Orfames*) there are so many  
 Accidents in War, which depend on so many  
 secret Springs, and are so various, that a Chief  
 can never be certain of conquering or succeeding,  
 not being sure of always having the same People  
 for and against him ; Time, Place, and Opportunity  
 ofteneft determine his Glory and good Fortune.  
*Alexander*, without contradiction, was a great Man,  
 but his Reputation ow’d part of its Splendour  
 to the Scarcity of great Captains in his time.  
 There’s a great deal of difference in having Men  
 or Women for Enemies, a Reproach which was  
 made to that Prince, that his Fame would have  
 been much less, if he had had, to have fought  
 against, a *Valerius*, a *Corvinus*,

*Corvinus*, a *Manlius*, a *Torquatus*, a *Decius*, a *Papirius*, or some other Hero of antient *Rome*, the least of whom deserv'd all his Triumphs.

'T WAS not (*said Belisa*) a difficult thing to conquer a Prince so effeminate as *Darius*, who was hinder'd by Luxury from understanding true Glory and Virtue, and who always carry'd with him a Train of Women and Courtezans. 'Tis certain, (*added Orsames*) that there are moments favourable for Heroism and Heroes; I am not surpriz'd that the *Romans* were so successful in their Wars, since, by their Prudence join'd to their natural Valour, they even forced Fortune to be on their side, and prevented their receiving any fatal Blows from her, by their Application in consulting even the Temper and Constitution of those whom they made choice of to lead their Armies. This is so true, that having, to oppose *Asdrubal*, pitch'd upon *Claudius Nero*, a brave Soldier and great Captain, but so daring and enterprising, that he thought nothing capable of resisting him; they gave him for Colleague, and with an equal Authority, *Livius Salinator*, valiant, but at the same time prudent and wise, and who, when he aim'd at Victory, made use of all the Precautions necessary to prevent the Caprice of Fate. On the contrary, *Claudius Nero* was for gaining signal Victories at all hazard. *Asdrubal* laid several snares for 'em; in which the Impetuosity of *Nero* had fallen, had it not been owing to the cool Sagacity of *Salinator*. This Conduct of his was so happy, that one day, when 'twas his turn to command, having in

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return laid a snare for *Asdrubal*, which the cunning *Carthaginian* could not avoid, *Salinator* attack'd and defeated him, gaining so compleat a Victory, that the *Romans* decreed a Triumph for him alone, tho' he very much solicited the *Senate*, that *Nero* might partake, his Intentions doing him as much Honour as his Victory; the *Romans* did the same with *Fabius Maximus* and *Marcellus*.—

I think (*interrupted Camilla*) that you have sufficiently shewn your Wits and Memories; and notwithstanding the pleasure we take in listening to you, we ought to think that the hour of Supper is come, without our having stirred from one Place. That is as much as to tell us in an obliging manner (*answer'd Orophanes*) that you are equally fatigu'd with our Discourse, and sitting so long. No matter (*said Felicia, rising*) I think *Camilla* is in the right; for since *Belisa* is oblig'd to go away early to-morrow morning, 'tis but reasonable to advance the time of her going to rest.

AT these words all the Company got up to take a turn in the Garden; they had not walk'd far, when *Urania* miss'd *Arimont*: Upon my word (*said she to Belisa*) *Arimont* gives me a great deal of Uneasiness, he's so infinitely melancholy, that one may easily perceive 'tis the greatest constraint imaginable to him to give attention to any thing but his own Sorrows. We have done our utmost Endeavours (*answer'd Belisa*) to discover the cause, without being able to succeed; *Orophanes*, for whom he has so great an Esteem, cannot get any thing out of him: we imagine



gine it, however, to be occasion'd by Love. I am of your opinion (*said Felicia*) and *Olympia's* Name gave him so much Concern just now, that I am apt to believe that beautiful Lady is the Person he's in love with, tho' I can't well conceive how he should know her; for *Olympia* is oblig'd, by some very extraordinary Misfortunes, to fly from Province to Province, and from Cloyster to Cloyster, not suffering herself to be seen by anybody; I only saw and entertain'd her by great chance. A Niece of mine, who is in religious Orders, being desirous I should be present at the Ceremony of her taking the Vows, begg'd me to spend a fortnight with her: I went, and taking notice of the extraordinary Beauty of all the young Ladies, she assur'd me that there was one who surpass'd them all, but that she kept herself hid with the greatest care. This excited my Curiosity, and I begg'd my Niece to contrive that I might see her. She, with a great deal of difficulty effected it; for the next morning she enter'd my Chamber, leading the Fair unknown; to whom she said, presenting me to her, Charming *Olympia*, fear nothing, for *Felicia* is discreet. I found her surprizingly beautiful, and begg'd her to excuse my Curiosity; she did the same, for having hesitated in satisfying it: but Madam (*added she*) I have essential Reasons for not being known; and they beginning to be inquisitive about who I am, even here, I should already have quitted this Place, had it not been for the Intreaties of *Celia* (meaning my Niece;) but the tender Friendship I have for her, has made

me comply with her Request, as well in staying here a few days, as in appearing before you.

I thank'd her for her Complaisance, our Acquaintance began but that day; but at length she put so much confidence in me, that she partly told me what occasion'd her concealing herself, begging me to discover nothing till she should give me the liberty either by Word of Mouth, or Letter. She presented me with several of her Works, her *Mind* being as beautifully adorn'd as her *Face*. I have hitherto kept her Secret inviolably, but thinking her Name of no consequence, because several might be of the same, I ventur'd to mention it: but *Arimont* has taught me, that in a Secret the least thing is to be concealed. 'Tis now two years since I saw her, and I have not heard the least News of her since; only my Niece sent me word, a few days after I had left her, that *Olympia* was gone away, but that nobody knew whither.

THESE are very odd Circumstances, (*said Urania*) and we must be contented with remaining in Ignorance; for I know *Felicia's* Discretion so well, that I'm sure we shall not be able to get more out of her. I assure you, (*answer'd she*) that were it my own Secret, I would long ago have trusted you with it, never desiring to hide any thing from my true Friends. But this is not a common Affair, but may be of very ill Consequence, and prejudice a young Lady who is very dear to me. She was so apprehensive of being discover'd, that she never told me the Names of her Family,

mily, nor of those concern'd in her History ; but the Matter of Fact is something so very particular, that were one but never so little desirous of diving into the bottom of it, it might be easily discover'd ; which engages me to make use of the greater Circumspection. But (*said Orophanes*) I can't comprehend, if it be true, that *Arimont* is in love, what reason he has to be melancholy ; if he is belov'd, he must be happy ; if he is hated, his Grief would render him amiable.

YOU judge of others by yourself (*said Felicia*) and because your Humour makes you bear every thing with Indifference, you think the whole World can do the same. As for me (*said Florinda*) I can easily conceive, that an unfortunate Passion may make one's Life burdensome ; every thing that attacks the Heart is difficult to be cured, and the Efforts that are made to render Reason victorious, serve often but to strengthen the Distemper : and this, I believe, is the Condition of the unhappy *Arimont*. Whatever it be, (*said Belisa*) 'tis a Disadvantage to his Friends as well as to himself, that his Melancholy does not allow him to make himself known. So it is (*added Julia*) for he has a great deal of Merit, his Mind is beautifully adorn'd, his Sentiments are generous, and his Person amiable ; this is enough to make him be agreeably receiv'd by every body. But, Madam (*said Orophanes, addressing himself to Belisa*) you have known *Arimont* a considerable time, was he always thus melancholy ? As I had no Correspondence (*said she*) with *Armira* his Mother but on *Orsames's* account, and

and that *Arimont* was the Object of our Law-Suit, I never knew him perfectly but on *Armira's* Death, and have always seen him thus afflicted. I might have thought it had been occasion'd by his Concern for the losing so considerable an Estate, if he had not behav'd himself so very handsomely in that Affair, and with such a disinterested Greatness of Soul, that left no room to harbour any Thought disadvantageous to his Generosity; and since the return of *Orsames*, he has had so tender a Friendship, and so great a deference for him, tho' he is three years elder than himself, that I can no longer doubt of the Nobleness of his Sentiments. So (*said Camilla laughing*) I find we must accuse Love alone for it, and I foresee that *Arimont's* Silence and *Felicia's* Discretion will have the same Period.

WHILST this Conversation led the Company insensibly towards the House, *Orsames* and *Thelamont*, who walk'd slowly behind them, had one equally affecting; for *Orsames*, whose Heart sympathiz'd with his, after some other Discourse, told him, the Joy it was to him to have seen and known *Urania*, that he could not enough admire her; and I think you happy (*continu'd he*) dear *Thelamont*, in being fated to spend your days with a Person of her Merit. Alas! (*answer'd he*) that moment is still a great way off, and I meet with so many Obstacles to my Happiness, that I very much fear I never shall obtain it. But who is it (*said Orsames*) that can hinder so agreeable a Union? I don't see that you have either of you Fathers or Mothers



thers to oppose it ; you seem to me both of you at your own disposal, and I cannot apprehend what it is that obliges you to defer your Felicity. Pardon me (*added he*) for taking this liberty ; the Esteem and Friendship I have for you occasion'd it : but, if my Curiosity gives you any pain, I will impose an eternal Silence upon it. You do me a favour, dear *Orsames* (*reply'd Thelamont*) for besides its being a Relief to communicate our Grief, I have so great an inclination for you, that it is impossible for me to hide any thing from you. Know therefore, that I have to combat one more terrible than a whole Family put together.

*URANIA* having betimes lost the Authors of her Birth, found herself left in the power of a Guardian, who, not content with enjoying her Estate, will also have her Person ; and as her Father in his Will has order'd that she shall not marry but with her Guardian's Approbation, and that he is fallen desperately in love with her, she is far from being her own Mistress. He would have forc'd her to have marry'd himself ; but *Urania* having an incredible aversion for him, did her utmost to get out of his power. I became acquainted with her in the height of her Dispute with him. To see, and love her, was with me the same thing ; but not daring to declare myself, I endeavour'd to comfort her, and serve her in her Law-Suit with him, to the utmost of mine, or my Friend's power. My Cares and Silence succeeded ; having obtain'd that she should be taken from her Guardian's Custody, and that he should restore her  
part

part of her Estate, on condition that she should not marry during his Life ; he always thinking that she would change her Mind, and that Interest would oblige her to marry him.

IN the mean time, *Urania* being sensible of the Zeal with which I had serv'd her, tho' her Guardian, whom I saw every day, knew nothing of it ; express'd her Gratitude to me, which gave me an opportunity of declaring my Passion. She did me the honour to own she had perceiv'd it before ; but that, not being at her own disposal, she begg'd me to conceal it : since which time, I have constantly visited her, and, in proportion to the new Graces I have every day discover'd in her, my Love has increas'd. *Geront* (for that's her Guardian's Name) has some regard for me, because he knows nothing of my Passion, not being well enough lov'd in the World to be inform'd of it either by those who know it, or by those who but suspect it.

*URANIA* had no sooner thus obtain'd her Liberty, but her Merit, Virtue, and Wit, gain'd her a great number of Friends ; out of whom she has selected a few to be incessantly with her, that her Actions being conspicuous, she might be safe from all Reflections.

I flatter myself that she esteems me, but I can't be happy, because I don't possess her, nor can't see her without a thousand Witnessess ; who, tho' they are Friends, deprive me of a Liberty that I would purchase at the hazard of my Life.

THUS, my dear Friend, I have in a few words told you the State of our Affairs ; you must

must judge, that my Happiness is not so near at hand, since it depends on the Death of *Geront*. I own (*said Orfames*) that you are to be pity'd; but I can't help thinking that *Urania* might shake off her Yoke, and by Law reduce *Geront* to Reason. It's impossible (*said Thelamont*) to make her give her consent to it; she dreads giving the World an opportunity to talk of her: she even thinks it's shameful to own that she refuses *Geront*, on purpose to marry me: she had much rather suffer, than thus declare her Sentiments; and her Severity is so great, that she banishes from her Thoughts, as a Crime, the very hopes of that Man's Death. This is a very valuable Character, (*answer'd Orfames*) and tho' it gives you reason to complain, it must increase your Passion. As he said these words, they found themselves so near the rest of the Company, that they were obliged to lay aside their private Discourse, and render the Conversation general. I believe, (*said Orophanes*) the Arrival of *Belisa* will deprive me of every thing I love: *Thelamont* is entirely taken up with *Orfames*, and beautiful *Felicia* is by chance become the Confidant of *Arimont's* Afflictions; what must become of poor me? This Reproach, (*reply'd Felicia*) is pretty obliging to *Thelamont*, but very offensive to me. 'Tis not so disadvantageous as you think it is, (*said Camilla*) *Orophanes* apprehends lest *Arimont's* Melancholy should find relief in your Conversation; and, to say the truth, I know nobody so capable of making one forget the greatest Misfortunes. As *The-*

*Thelamont* and *Orsames* were not present when *Olympia* was talk'd of, they begg'd to know the Explication of this little Dispute; *Belisa* gratify'd them, at the same time jesting on what *Orophanes* had said. I think, (*continu'd she*) that nobody has reason to complain of what *Orophanes* has said but myself; for, esteeming him as I do, I should be very sorry to find, that the sight of me had done him any prejudice. That's impossible (*said Thelamont, in the same strain*) we have all gain'd by it; the acquiring such a Friend as *Orsames*, is a Present for which we cannot too much thank you: but yet, tho' he is become very dear to me, that makes no alteration in my heart towards my old Friends; and if *Felicia* does not give more Consolation to *Arimont* than I shall show Inconstancy to *Orophanes*, he'll have no reason to complain as he does. It must be allow'd, (*reply'd he*) that Friendship has great Prerogatives; when I complain'd, I thought I had reason for so doing: but the moment *Thelamont* opens his mouth, I find I'm in the wrong.—By this time they were arrived in the Hall, where every thing being ready, they sat down to table.

AFTER Supper, the Company finding the Night to be a very fine one, return'd to walking; and as it was composed of Persons of the greatest Wit, the Conversation soon fell on Subjects worthy of themselves: and first on the Liberty that *Camilla* and *Florinda* enjoy'd. *Belisa* congratulated them on having it in their power to give their times up to their



their Friends, without any body's pretending to gain-say them. 'Tis true, (*said Felicia*) that Liberty is the greatest Blessing in Life; but our natural Inconstancy does not let us long enjoy it, we never knowing the value of it till we have lost it: and, notwithstanding the present Tranquillity of *Camilla's* and *Flo-rinda's* Life, they cannot be assured of its being lasting. The Reflection of *Felicia* (*said Orophanes*) is just and solid; in whatever State we're born, or whatever Condition we are in, we are still prone to a desire of change. There are daily Instances of People, who, through Chance, had it in their powers to make themselves happy; but the unsatisfy'd Restlessness of their Minds makes them quit the Road that is agreeable to their Genius. History, sacred and profane, is fill'd with the Misfortunes that Inconstancy has brought Mankind into. The *Hebrews* are an authentick Example, since every body knows, that they, being dissatisfy'd with the Children of *Saul*, demanded a King to govern them. God, on their importunity, determin'd to satisfy them; but he gave them warning by the Mouth of the Prophet, that the King that was to rule over them, should be Master of their Lives and Fortunes; that, from being free, they should become Slaves; and that he should tyrannize over, and destroy them. They, notwithstanding this, still persisting in their Request, God punish'd them, by granting it. These very *Hebrews* were govern'd by Patriarchs, Prophets, Captains, Judges, and at length by the High Priests, under whom

the Nation was destroyed and dispersed. Was there ever the like Instance of Inconstancy? And how can one be surpriz'd at it in others, since we find it in a chosen People, who were the Lord's Inheritance, and to whom so many Blessings were promis'd, if they would but walk in his Ways?

AND the *Romans*, (*said Orsames*) that powerful Republick, that has produced so many great Men of all kinds, and particularly in the Art of Government, has it not alter'd its Form a thousand and a thousand times? Have they not had Kings, Consuls, and Dictators, sometimes a Senate, sometimes Censors and Tribunes; at last, not knowing where to pitch, have they not fallen into the hands of several Tyrants, whose ill Conduct has occasion'd the Destruction of the greatest Empire that ever was? But (*said Camilla*) why do you think that it is the Inconstancy of Mankind that has occasion'd all these Disorders? Could all their Prudence have hinder'd the Fall of so many Empires, since it was decreed it should be so? Ah! beautiful *Camilla*, (*cry'd Thelamont*) don't have such a notion as that; it will be condemn'd by the whole World, and particularly in a Person of your Sense and Virtue. Things never happen casually, or by chance, nor through an invincible Necessity, or inevitable Destiny; if it were so, there would be no room for Policy: and if all the Changes, Motions, and different Success of things, could be attributed to Fortune or Chance, there could be no reason why one thing

thing should happen before another. 'Twould be a folly in Mankind to endeavour by Counsels or Prudence to accomplish their Designs, or to avoid what they think will be prejudicial ; since all their Cares and Watchings will not prevent what they apprehend, nor bless them with what they wish, unless it be decreed to be so ; and if so, it will happen if they stand still. People that are of this opinion, don't allow of there being a God ; an Error that their own Eyes may convince them of daily : for tho' God be invisible, he manifests himself to Man by his Creatures : And, to quote the Royal Prophet ; *The Heavens declare the Glory of God : The Earth, the Sea, and all that therein is, sheweth his Handiwork.* This has been the Sentiment of even Pagans, whose Souls have been enlighten'd ; as *Cicero, Tacitus, Juvenal*, and in particular *Claudian* the Poet ; who, meditating on the Works of the Almighty, and reflecting on those who impute every thing to hazard, confesses ingenuously, that, considering the beautiful Disposition, and the Agreement that is seen in the whole Universe, even among things that to our Eyes seem diametrically oppos'd, the unanimous Obedience, the Revolution and Construction of that great Work ; he cry'd out, that there must be a God, who had thus establish'd every thing, dispos'd the Stars, given Light to the Sun, placed Bounds to the Heavens, and planted the Earth in the midst of the Universe ; and, since God was the Author, 'twas he that took care of his Works ; and that not to  
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acknowledge it, was to be wanting in Thankfulness to the Almighty, who alone is what he is thro' himself, and whose Operations alone depend on his own Will, whereas nothing else can subsist or operate without him ; I mean immediately, because notwithstanding the Superintendency which he has reserv'd to himself in every thing, and his Co-operation always necessary, he has given to inferiour Causes a subaltern Power of acting, and producing the Effects that are natural and proper Consequences of those Actions. After having cited Pagan Authors of my Opinion, give me leave to strengthen it by St. *Basil*, who maintains, that nothing can be said to happen by chance, or without a cause, but that every thing is in God's protection : therefore, charming *Camilla*, be satisfied, that the Downfall of so many Empires, and the Destruction of such mighty Nations, would perhaps never have happen'd, had it not been for the Ambition, Inconstancy, and Ill-Conduct of Mankind.—

I assure you (*reply'd she modestly*) that I am not sorry for having been in an Error, since I am in so ingenious a manner convinc'd of it. 'Tis true (*said Belisa*) *Thelamont's* Wit is universal, but in some measure to excuse *Camilla's* late Opinion, there are a great many People who admit of a Necessity, which neither Learning nor Wisdom can oppose, or prevent that from happening which is decreed to happen ; or that from not happening, which is fated not to happen. Tho' this is a Subject that seems to be far  
above



above our Comprehensions, yet *Thelamont* explains himself so well, and makes use of Expressions so natural, and so well adapted to our Understandings, that I beg him once more to tell us his Sentiments on this opinion. I protest, Madam (*reply'd Thelamont*) I have no Ambition of appearing wise; in what I say, I only speak my own, and, I believe, every reasonable Man's Thoughts; and tho I am in the Company of Ladies, yet as they have all of them bright Understandings, and are of an exact Virtue, I explain myself in the same manner as if I were before Men of the greatest Learning and Erudition.

TO answer therefore your Question; I think the Opinion of an absolute Necessity is the greatest of Errors, since it destroys the Free-will that is given to Man, by which he chuses various Methods of arriving at different Ends, and without which he could not be capable of meriting or demeriting; for when things are done by a Necessity or Constraint, a Man has not the liberty of chusing or acting, neither ought he to be punish'd, or rewarded, prais'd, or blamed. People, in this Error, maintain too, that there is a Fatality, which has such an extent of Power, that, if you will believe them, nothing happens but what has been before decreed to happen infallibly, at such a time, and in such a manner, and that it is impossible to prevent it, or so much as to defer or hasten it; and, in particular, that the flourishing or decaying of Empires is not at all

all owing to good or evil Government, but entirely to their Fate: thus did the Pagans think that Destiny overcomes all human Wisdom, which is manifestly contrary to Man's free Will. If by this Destiny they mean the Will of God, on which all things depend, I admit of it in that sense, since nothing can happen without his Permission and Knowledge. Every thing certainly happens as God has decreed it should, that is to say, foreseen; and in whatever manner he has foreseen, so it will inevitably be, because his Foreknowledge is infallible; but Men are still free in their Actions, because this Fore-sight is not the Cause of Things, no more than our Memory is of what is past, or Sense is of what is present. How many things have the Prophets foretold by Dreams, Revelations, and the Celestial Luminaries; yet we don't think these Predictions or Prophecies have been the Causes of what happen'd, but only as Warnings for Mankind, to avoid the Evils that were preparing for them. As for Destiny, or the Will of God, I neither can nor will deny but that the Fate of Empires and Crowns depend on it, since all Power comes from God, who gives and takes away at his pleasure, as absolute Master of all, without any body's having right to complain. Why did he love *Jacob* more than *Esau*? His Will is Destiny, we may as well ask why the Sun shines on the Unjust as well as Just.

I shall say no more (*continu'd* Thelamont) on a Subject so extensive, that it may easily lead

lead us to Reflections far above our grov'ling Understandings. I am charm'd with your Discourse (*said Belisa*) and I return you a thousand Thanks for your Complaisance, which has given us an Opportunity of admiring your Wit and Learning. I wish to God (*said Orfames*) I could spend my whole Life with *Thelamont*, 'twould slide away without Sorrow or Heaviness. 'Tis true (*said Urania*) we may always profit by his Conversation. 'Tis for that reason, (*said Orophanes*) I quit him as little as possible.

I beg a Truce to your Praises (*interrupted Thelamont*) I no ways deserve them; if I have had the Happiness not to have been tiresome to you, 'tis owing to Truth, which is always pleasing out of what mouth soever it comes. We will conform ourselves to your Modesty, since you will have it so (*said Felicia*) and since *Belisa* is resolv'd to leave us to-morrow, let us no longer keep her up. On which they return'd to the House, and having waited on *Belisa* and *Julia* to their Apartment, they repair'd each to their own, with a Resolution of waiting on them, and taking their leaves in the morning.

ORSAMES found *Arimont* in his Chamber in a profound Musing, out of which he scarce wak'd him by his Embraces: How can you (*said he*) always separate yourself from those who esteem you, and interrupt my Happiness by your excessive Grief? Why won't you rather seek Relief, by communicating them to your Friend, who is entirely  
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attach'd to your Interests? you would see me lessen your Grief, by sharing the Burden with a Zeal that would convince you of the Sense I have of every thing that touches you. I swear to you (*reply'd Arimont, pressing his hand*) that if my Secret were of a Nature that would admit of being revealed, you should have already been appriz'd of it; but such is my Misfortune, that I must suffer without daring to discover the Cause of my Grievs; you could not hear them without Horror, you would perhaps deprive me of your Esteem, and I should then die with Shame and Despair. But lest you should think me guilty of somewhat worse than I really am, I must own, that Love occasions all my Sorrow, but it is a Love so extraordinary, the Circumstances of which make me so criminal, that it is enough I am odious to myself, without becoming so to Persons whose Esteem is dear to me.

HIS Discourse was so moving, that it pierc'd *Orsames* with Grief and Astonishment; but not being willing to renew *Arimont's* Afflictions, he press'd him no farther to explain himself, only assuring him, that 'twas not in the power of any thing to lessen the Friendship he had for him. After which they went to bed, all of them spending the Night according to the satisfaction or disquiet of their Mind.

*The End of the Second Day.*

